

GREGORY ZILBOORG

The Passing of the Old
Order In Europe



**THE PASSING OF THE OLD
ORDER IN EUROPE**

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BY

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To
ROMAIN ROLLAND,
FRIEDRICH FOERSTER,
MAXIM GORKY,
*and all those who in the darkness of hatred
held fast their lights of love.*

Les idées se use dans une démocratie, d'autant plus vite qu'elles se sont plus promptement propagées. Combien de républicains en France s'étaient, en moins de cinquante ans, dégoutés de la république, du suffrage universel et de tant de libertés conquises avec ivresse! Après le culte fétichiste du nombre, avec l'optimisme béat qui avait cru aux saintes majorités et qui attendait le progrès humain, l'esprit de violence soufflait l'incapacité des majorités à se gouverner elles-mêmes, leur véualité, leur veulerie, leur basse et peureuse aversion de toute supériorité, leur lâcheté oppressive, soulevaient la revolte. . . .

Romain Rolland.

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INTRODUCTION

AT the moment I begin this book I see before my eyes two pictures.

I see myself on a foggy afternoon, some time in 1915, coming home from the hospital where I worked, and thinking—as I was always thinking,—of the wounded men who were being sent by thousands and thousands to the city (Kief) every day from the front. To me the war seemed a strange puzzle, impossible to comprehend. I could not understand the fighters, I could not understand ourselves who patched them up and sent them back to fight. We were all helping to add to the perplexity of this strange situation. We, Russians, were fighting to defend our country, to help the Tsar's government to win a victory; and it was quite probable that we should later hear the Tsar say:

“You had been protesting! You had been fighting against us before the war! You see now how splendid a victory we have won. Could a bad government win like this?”

On the other hand, not to fight meant to give up many of our beloved ideals and hopes for Russia's ultimate future—to turn her over to another autocracy of the same kind, but one speaking a different language. And yet the enthusiasm of our soldiers seemed a psychological abnormality which we could not understand.

With these same thoughts ever persistent I went back to my home this foggy afternoon, and found there a tall soldier, a real giant of the Semenoff Imperial Guard regiment. He had come up to say farewell to his sister, a maid in the household, before returning to the front. He had been slightly wounded, but, after a quick recovery, was going back. He was in the midst of a story of the battlefield.

"You do not see anything, even in daylight," he was exclaiming. "One would say you had lost your eyes. You do not even see *him*. You are just going on, with rifle and bayonet—the firing sometimes is so strong and the confusion so terrible that many of our own people attack each other as enemies. All are screaming!"

The tall soldier as he talked looked like a savage animal. His eyes gleamed like globes

of glass, with cruel lights in them. His hands clenched into fists. His body inclined tensely forward. Seeing him one would say: "He is fighting. He is killing at this moment." He continued:

"Suddenly there is silence"—the cruel fire died out of his eyes, his fists unclenched, his body relaxed—"You turn around and you see—one of our men with a hand gone,—another, an Austrian, with his nose shot away; over there lies a long-bearded Jew with a torn face——" The man stopped and began to cry, like a little ailing child, with great sobs. This giant became suddenly a weak, small, unhappy human child, with an aching human heart.

"They do not hate the enemy," I said to myself. "They do not fight for any reason except that they were sent to fight. That is the psychological mystery of our time, the cruel enigma of our modern civilization. And we thought there was enthusiasm, that our people forgot at the moment of mobilization all their sufferings and whatever aspirations they had. We find we were mistaken. Among all the thousands of wounded, sometimes mad, soldiers I met, I could find none who seemed to grasp

the true significance of the war. Because of their diseased condition no test could be relied upon. Here was a strong, healthy giant, a man with a human brain, a human heart. The heart ached. The brain either slept or was hypnotized by those who did know what they were fighting for, but who did know how to transform a human being into cannon food."

Perhaps later on humanity may be able to analyze causes and effects impartially and to understand clearly the comparative values of a soldier's fists and a soldier's tears. That moment was a revelation to me. I felt for the first time since the war began that we were on the verge of a great moral collapse, the weight and reach of which we were utterly incompetent to estimate.

The second picture is this.

It is evening of the first day of the Russian revolution. At the moment no one is sure that the revolution is real, that it will mean victory. A doubt envelops us. We had always been taught and had always believed that in the minds of the masses of the people the Tsar stood for a symbol of holy power—the representative of God on earth. We feared the critical moment which

would follow his overthrow—feared it in so far as, in the midst of our fighting, we were permitted to remember or fear anything. It was during this evening that, in passing a corridor in the palace of the Taurida, I was halted by a soldier of the Imperial Guard, a man who had joined the revolutionists. “Comrade,” he said, “when will Kolya be brought?” I did not understand and asked him to repeat his question. “Kolya,” he said again, “when will he be brought—Nicholas?” He laughed. Kolya is the diminutive of Nicholas and I got his meaning. “Very soon, be sure of it,” I answered, and held out my hand. He shifted his rifle to his left hand and clasped my right firmly, in friendly fashion.

Also, the story about the Tsar was a mistake. While we intellectual revolutionists were fighting, and fearing while we fought relative to what might afterwards evolve from the brain of the Russian muzhik in his military uniform, that brain was already busy working out its own quiet, sober, practical theories of the revolution. We were mistaken. We needed an enormous historical object lesson to prove to us that we were mistaken.

And now, while trying to put on paper the

story of my experiences of the last four or five years; while trying to analyze as best I can the struggles and troubles of which I was a witness, I cannot but remember well these two soldiers who *know*—indeed, who know more perhaps than the best trained observers and analyzers. Therefore I see that my task is something more than that of writing a book of a purely academic character, not because the time is not yet ripe for the writing of such a book. On the contrary, if an undertaking of that kind were possible, 'twould be most advisable and valuable in results. The task I have set before myself is prompted by my conviction that in the course of the struggles of the present-day world, humanity has developed a very serious disease. In the pages of this book I shall try to describe and define this disease in abundant detail. For the present I can only give a name to it. The disease is mob psychosis. The contagion was carried by the war, by revolution, by political lying, by diplomatic betrayal, social disturbances and moral suppression. These are the instruments which have almost killed the individual lives, the very personalities, of human beings.

In 1915 we had received anguished word of

warning from Romain Rolland, who declared that our epoch was an epoch of mediocrity, of commonplace, little average souls; little hearts, which, by a curious historical coincidence, will produce a great noise and bring on great bloody events.

Great bloody events! Some years before, while writing the last pages of his "Jean-Christophe," Romain Rolland foresaw them almost on the very eve of the war. Mediocrity then was also his conclusion. From the psychological point of view, mediocrity, spread to this extent throughout the world, means the contagion of clamorous, hazy, half-ideas, half-words. It means that minds are submerged and have lost temporarily their governing forces, their process of criticism and independent reasoning.

Therefore, again, it is impossible now to analyze or to explain scientifically the most serious events of our lives as long as this disease continues. It does not depend upon history. It does not even depend upon political struggle. It depends purely upon our psychological reaction to the disease itself.

Only one kind of book is possible now, however. I should call it a half lyrical kind. It must be a simple narrative, poignant and inti-

mate; a revelation of the doubts, thoughts, seekings, and aspirations of one who has had an opportunity to be somewhat near to the events of our days. It is indeed one's duty to surrender one's experiences. A written word, a conscious written word, is a result of criticism and self-analysis: and as such is the most valuable instrument at the present time. I should like, furthermore, to give my book a sub-title—"A book without quotations"—because I desire to avoid authoritative quotations, authoritative statements. In a period of mob psychosis it is pernicious to use authorities. Authorities justified the inquisition of the fifteenth century. They would justify the inquisition of the twentieth century. Each side can find in books and essays the phrases, statements, and aphorisms to justify its own crimes. Lloyd George and Bethmann-Hollweg, Clemenceau and William the Second, Nicholas the Second and Balfour, Wilson and Lenin, all quoted, and all were sure they were right,—or made believe they were sure.

This is a book of simple contemplations, a rendering of sometimes indefinite thoughts which obtruded themselves many times during the experiences of the past few years. To re-

late them, to give some illustrations of the workings of human brains and hearts—this is my aim rather than the exploitation of principles or procedures.

I have not given in this book an adequate place to Russia, where I spent all my life and where I gathered all my political, social, and scientific experiences. In fact, I made a point of not doing so, notwithstanding that Russia is now the center of general attention, a germinating field of social and political experiment. I have not done this because I think, and I try to make it clear that Russia is only a link in the chain of all present-day events. In her recent past, in her present, and in her future she is closely woven into the general life of the globe. Intellectually, politically, socially, she lives with all the rest of the world, despite blockades; and the rest of the world lives with her—despite passport systems and their restrictions.

New York, March, 1920.

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CHAPTER I

THE IMPASSE OF POLITICS

IF WE examine closely the different political schools and philosophic theories of the last twenty-five or thirty years, we shall find no basis for them in the accepted principles of ancient philosophies. The writers who hark back to the theories of Plato and Aristotle and try to apply them to modern conditions are, of course, always with us, and it is perhaps sanguine to hope that their habits of investigation will ever be as obsolete as their outlooks. But, on the whole, the political and social theories evolved in the last few decades have been simply the ideologic expression of the spontaneous process of social development which began in the time of Napoleon.

Now, a political theory may be either an interpretation of an actual past or the projection of a possible future: in the first case the emphasis is upon precedent and the tendency

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is that of "Realpolitik;" in the second case the emphasis falls upon innovation, and the vision is accordingly "Utopian." Treitschke and Hobbes are representative of the "real" school. They merely sought to embody, in a permanent crystallized form, principles which have always operated in all sorts of political societies. They sought the common denominator which made some sort of political society expedient in both Prussia and Polynesia. Neither the element of ethics nor that of creative endeavor had an important place in their systems. Force was the basic concept of their philosophies, and their habit of magnifying the rôle of power in the body politic had the astute effect of justifying "the powers that be." Hobbes and Treitschke may have admitted ethical principles and current moral saws in their schemes, but the inclusion of these elements by such reactionary theorists was an example of vice's homage to virtue, and proved the necessity for erecting political philosophy on a more comprehensive moral basis than "Realpolitik" could supply.

So much for the morals of realism. The other kind of theoretical approach, which I deliberately call Utopian, suffers from the same defect in a slightly different position. The

Utopians, men like Marx and Bakunin, began with a hot moral revulsion against the ugliness and disorder of contemporary society. Negatively, their moral impulses were sound. They needed only intellectually to be deepened and enriched in order to provide the basis for a new system of society. Unfortunately the moral basis of Marxism was obscured by its economic development, and the new society the Marxians looked forward to rested upon the same old methods—the methods of force and constraint. Whether these methods are called “historical necessity” or the supreme law of human society matters little. Their substance remains the same. Marx and Treitschke were both “post-Napoleon,” and by that fact their thoughts are dated and their underlying kinship established.

A general survey of the history of the second half of the nineteenth century would justify the conclusion that the revolutionary traditions of 1789-93, of 1830-48 have been forgotten. It would be far from the truth to say that these traditions inspired the European life of the last sixty or seventy years. What this period inherited was not the traditions of revolution, but the traditions of Napoleonism.

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At the beginning of the nineteenth century it seemed for a while as if the American and French revolutions would bring about a change not only in the social life, but in the mental attitude of future generations. It seemed that the absolutism of the Bourbons, and of the United Kingdom in its treatment of the colonies, had been crushed, not merely as a political form but even as a state of mind. This change could be expected because of the coming into being of The Third Estate as a political factor. But the expected did not come. What did happen was that the conceptions of centralization fostered by Louis XIV, Frederick of Prussia, or even Voltaire and the rest of the Encyclopedists, proved more vital than the idealistic conceptions of the Declaration of Rights. It was not the ideas of the French Revolution as conceived by Robespierre, Saint Simon, or Fourier, but the ideas of Napoleon and Bismarck that gained acceptance.

Further on, in our chapter on War, we shall deal in greater detail with the causes of this. It is sufficient to state now that the wonderful centralized state machine of Napoleon was the result of a military conception.

It was not an accident that Napoleon was a

general. Paraphrasing the famous saying of Voltaire, one might say that had there been no Napoleon, he would have had to be invented. And Bismarck was his legitimate and natural heir. Bismarck is the embodiment of the theory of centralization; he stands as the symbol of the second half of the nineteenth century dominated by the idea of centralization:—that the State is the only supreme power. The State is valuable only so long as it represents a machine, with a supreme and powerful grip, ruling and governing minute, separate and fragmentary wills.

Hence the methods for national administration, openly recognized or not, must be the same; and although the last six or seven decades of the nineteenth century have been called the period of parliamentarianism, that period differs very little in essence from the frank and open state-despotism of the sixteenth century as outlined by Machiavelli. What characterized the political parliament was not that it was representative of the people and therefore an expression of the will of the people. It was merely a different *method* of rule by a centralized state.

This accounts for the degeneration of par-

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liamentarianism and for the disrepute with which it has fallen in the minds of enlightened men and women. It is not only radical Russia that dared to violate the supreme holy power of the Constituent Assembly freely elected by the people. Even in England, where parliamentarianism is six centuries old, the people have, to a large extent, ceased to respect it, so that J. Ramsay Macdonald, an unconditional adherent of parliamentary democracy, could state in an article in the "Nation," July, 1919, that British labor is more and more dissatisfied with the idea of parliamentarianism. The German Constituent Assembly was so weak that it had to remove from Berlin to Weimar to be allowed to deliberate in peace. Even so, it was threatened actually by various political groups. More significant still, it had practically to submit to the will of those entirely outside it and to sign the peace treaty, although the majority of the assembly was against signing.

Another example is the Peace Conference at Paris. Never in all history was a conference so big, never had a conference to deal with matters of such importance. Yet for all that it had no authority. The Bolsheviki, or radicals, do not recognize it at all, *ex officio*, and even

the Allies are working against the most vital decisions of it. The Italians protested; China still withholds her signature to the treaty; Roumania in the Near East is acting in defiance of its decisions; England and France in their competition for supremacy in Eastern Europe seem to have forgotten that there ever was such a thing as the Treaty of Versailles.

There is no authority. Why? Because organization, elections, majorities, have degenerated into mere form. They have no moral force with the people because the people come to know that they are mere forms and have ceased to believe in them.

This is the real meaning of the historical events of the last decades. What was the real difference between the governments of despotic Turkey and autocratic Russia, and the governments of constitutional England and republican France? Basically, none. In all these countries the principle that prevailed was the supremacy of the State. In Constantinople and Petrograd the State was represented by a person; in London and Paris it was represented by a group or organization. But in both these forms of representation the main idea was the bringing about of immediate aims,

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the securing of a political hand-to-mouth existence. There was neither a social system, nor a guiding principle, nor a creative political spirit. The forms already existing were considered more or less perfect forms, and all vital emergencies were bent merely upon their preservation and continuance.

The chief characteristic of the political life of Europe, from the Far East to the Far West, was egoistic self-satisfaction with existing institutions and the social order. Any new idea that appeared was to be suppressed—because it was new. It is not too much to say that political life in recent years has not advanced very far beyond the authoritarianism of mediæval times, when it was thought that there was nothing new under the sun and that society's sole duty was to understand the meaning of what *was* and to conserve what *is*.

It may appear strange that I can see no material difference between the various democracies in Europe. Let us look more into the matter. One idea and one only stood out as a possible means of salvation amid all the struggles of the second half of the nineteenth century,—the idea of the majority. As a principle there can be no objection to it. But how

was it carried out in actual practice? The Tsar was sure—or pretended to be sure—that he represented the majority of the Russian people; that all protesting revolutionists were pernicious Nihilists who must be removed from society. In England, real universal suffrage does not as yet exist, and the majority, represented there, is not a real majority. It was moulded according to a certain pattern by a new force invented by our civilization to defeat the real will of the majority. Call this force whatever you will—public opinion, the press. It accomplished the purpose for which it was called into play with marvelous efficiency, so that the vote of the majority meant nothing. It was not the expression of the will of the people. Those who could carry on the most powerful propaganda had their way. And the State, for all the free speech and free press it granted, having at its disposal the most effective weapon of propaganda, the powerful and influential press, had things its own way. While officially representing the people, the State in reality represented only the people who supported it. And these were a minority!

Republican France offers a still more striking example. Every time a new election was

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to be held a new "crime" of Gustav Hervé was discovered, and he was put in jail and held there until after the election. Thus a country which lacks the syndicated Northcliffe press uses other centralized forces of governmental supremacy. The law, the legal codes, and all the governmental traditions were the servants and tools always at the command of the State.

Thus the idea of government by majorities was mutilated and inevitably proved a failure. It did not bring salvation. Our rulers succeeded in imposing upon us what is tantamount to a despotic government just as surely and effectively as Napoleon did at the beginning of the last century. And to-day we are witnessing the death of majority rule or at least of the idea for which it stands. It has committed suicide.

Why has this happened? Can it be that the anarchists are right after all in their persistent denial of all governments? Hardly. I think it is rather because we were hypnotized by the idea of a mechanical state, and became utterly oblivious of those elements of the state which gave it its vitality—the individual, and the moral basis underlying it. The very concept of the individual was eliminated from the mod-

ern parliamentary, or non-parliamentary, or democratic state. On the one hand, our industrial development, economic growth, and the sophistication of the human spirit and mind, gave birth to strong individuals, with initiative, and nerve, and a desire to do things. On the other hand, the same causes produced a strong centralized state which brooded no interference from the individual. It took no account of the individual's growth. If he stood in its way it either destroyed him entirely or at least crushed his individuality.

The tragedy of Nietzsche and his madness is more than a particular case of a diseased philosophical mind. It is the tragedy of modern civilization. Almost all the important activities of an individual are controlled, officially and unofficially, by the State. He can develop freely only within the limits in which the State circumscribes him. Thus we arrive at the paradox, the baneful contradiction, that while the growth of society requires individual governing forces in ever larger and larger numbers, the State, which is identified with society, suppresses all these forces; while the one unifying force of society is the free individual, the State hampers the process of solidarization. Until

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the rise of democratic governments the military machine alone was open to the criticism of being the extreme of centralism. Now centralism has become the characteristic of all states.

That the power derived from centralism is purely mechanical is obvious. Mechanicism is concerned only with utilitarianism. Moral problems are quite outside its province. Our modern states are all children of Bentham, children of his idea of supreme utilitarianism. Consequently all our endeavors, all our instincts and impulses are directed not towards the producing of real values, but are made subservient to the practical utilitarian needs of the State. Everything, including religion, is placed at the service of the State. Christianity is more of a governmental tool now than it was even in the days of the theocratic aspirations of the Roman popes. Patriotism has become the weapon of national egotism. Nationalism has degenerated into a kind of self-assertive Messianism, with every nation, great or small, considering itself the supreme people who would bring salvation to the world. Thus, if our new society possesses any moral basis at all, it is merely the moral basis of a utilitarian,

mechanical system, and the morality of that is infinitesimal.

In internal politics our methods are the same as in international relations. Machiavelli said that Christianity was a doctrine for sheep among wolves. Treitschke declared that not to lie was a monk's virtue. He also said that politicians would become more moral only when morals became more political. In these sentences is reflected the essential spirit of our times. Brailsford, in one of his articles, shows very clearly how international politics is based on pure practicalism and veiled in high falutin moral phrases. Hindenburg cabled to the Turkish Enver Pasha and urged him not to kill any more Armenians. His message was unheeded, but Turkey was not dropped as an ally. Kitchener or Lloyd George did not even cable to Nicholas the Second to ask him to stop the massacres in Galicia and in eastern Russia. And the Tsar was an ally.

The pretense of following a principle in internal politics merely accentuates the poverty and the moral emptiness of our age. In international relations even such a pretense is hardly made. Diplomacy, secret diplomacy, secret negotiations, secret propaganda, official spies, are

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the generally recognized and universally employed tools in international politics. It is useless to enter into a detailed discussion of economic imperialism. Too much has already been said and written about it. Economic imperialism has no special meaning, nor was it the sole cause of the world crisis. It is merely one of the most acute forms of the general disease.

Yet a brief word about economic imperialism. What is the significance of it? Economic imperialism means that the State—I emphasize again, the State, and not society,—considers itself as the supreme force, as the Messiah, of its people, and tries to rule as much as possible and over as many as possible. Living as we do in a period of great industrial development and high economic attainment, the crown of our moral emptiness and individual suppression is economic imperialism, instead of the old-fashioned imperialism.

Some economic elements there were in Napoleon's rule also. There was a very strong economic element in Bismarck's campaigns against Austria in 1866, and against France in 1871; but it is undeniable that the vital historic factors of the Napoleonic times were the new liberty, the centralization of the third estate,

and the introduction into the State, formally at least, of a new element of society.

Bismarck's period witnessed the rise of a purely national movement, backed by the vast economic resources which the rapid development of industry put into its hands. If the slogan of 1796-1811 was "Liberty," the slogan of 1848-1871 was "national unity." That of 1914-1919 was the "world-market." But the substance of all was the same. A ray of sunlight is composed of many colors, and whether the refraction gives blue, yellow or light, the substance is the same.

Society is now undergoing another period of "stress and strain." Economically speaking, the Third Estate is as bankrupt as the feudal states were at the end of the eighteenth century. The Fourth Estate is coming into life. But are there any new social and moral values involved in this rearrangement of our political groups? Have the instruments of the transformation themselves been changed?

At present two slogans can be distinguished above the clamor of old party cries. One is, that the future belongs to labor. The other, that Socialism is now at the point of realization. Let us consider these two ideas for the

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moment from the point of view of society and the state. We shall look at them from a different angle in the chapter on Revolution.

For the present we have to note that Marxism, on the eve of the third decade of the twentieth century, has no longer the sanction of a divine revelation, even to a socialist. Through the lifting haze that rested over thought for almost three-quarters of a century we can now see that the so-called economic interpretation of history did no more than provide us with a method. It left out of its reckoning such elements as national spirit, moral principles, and individual activity. In order to be consistent, Marx had to deny the rôle of the individual in history. Refusing to recognize the cultural values of nationality, he was forced to reduce it to a zoological prejudice. He compelled himself to deny the drive and motive force of ideas, and he thus eliminated psychology as an independent factor from his system. He had to maintain that psychological elements only arose passively from the interplay of economic forces and that they had no determinative power in themselves.

But in the light of the recent war a crude Marxism wilts into absurdity. The uni-

versal proletariat were not rational enough to be economic men in either the Benthamite or the Marxian sense. Purely psychological forces, the drive of instinct to rally with the herd, the spur of sentiment, the regulation of habit, caused the proletariat to jeopardize their class interests for the sake of plans against which they had long been in obstinate intellectual opposition. Individual ambition, too, swept away the economic alignments and played its fatal part in the march of events. The war magnified the brute forces of personality. The most economic man, the proletarian, was first of all a man!

Among the officers of state this phenomenon was perhaps even more marked. The ostensible leaders, Wilhelm II and Nicholas II, for example, were perhaps purely the product of their time and environment, the puppets of a determinist Punch and Judy show. But behind the scenes were the unseen manipulators of the strings, the active personalities, the men who were the creators as well as the creatures of their environment. Berchtold and Bethmann-Hollweg, Tisza and the Grand Duke Nicholas, and many others who are still perhaps unknown, were themselves original forces,

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and their individual powers effected important results. Indeed, is not Lenin himself a striking example in refutation of Marx's denial of the individual? Under an individual like Lenin, surrounded by a few ardent aides, the least industrial, least class-conscious, least educated, least proletarian country in Europe was transformed in the course of a year into the most centralized and most audacious experimental laboratory of Socialist theories. What part did the blind evolution of economic forces have to play in that transformation? On the Marxian theory Russia was least of all "ready" for Socialism. A handful of Marxian enthusiasts wrecked the theoretical conspectus of their master. In the act of realizing his dreams they overthrew his theories.

Now it is important that we should realize that Marxism as a conception of state, as a theory of group initiative, does not differ materially from the classic doctrines of Bentham, Hobbes, and Machiavelli. Politically and psychologically it rests upon insufficiently criticized foundations. Marx's extreme internationalism does not imply a denial of the state: it justifies the supremacy of an international state. Even his conception of liberty is not the

belief in a positive value, but in a negative instrument. To Marx liberty means simply liberation, the gesture of escape, the relief from oppression. When Marx observed in 1848 that the proletarian has no fatherland, he was only in temporary reaction against chauvinism. A positive conception of citizenship was never apparently formulated by him. Had he said that the proletarian was a citizen of all fatherlands his dictum, if no closer to fact, would at any rate have pointed the way to an ideal. The working out of an active proletarian citizenship might have kept the structure of International Socialism from breaking down at the outbreak of the war. Patriotic and national sentiments, in the best sense, are obviously valuable instrumentalities, and the refusal to take advantage of them and direct them and profit by them was no small factor in weakening the international movement. From this point of view neither Scheidemann nor Henderson, neither George Plekhanov nor Albert Thomas, are to be reproached for their impulsive patriotism. A wise internationalism, proletarian or bourgeois, must always reckon with its materials. And in this the Marxians failed as completely as the Cobdenites.

The catalog of Marx's psychological errors might be lengthened. He urged, for example, the right of the proletarian to leisure. In part, this was an obvious reaction against the exhausting work-day characteristic of machine production; in part, it was an unconscious adoption of the canons of leisure erected by the bourgeoisie whom he contemned. From a sociological point of view he had better have urged the obligation of labor upon all, for this would not then have eliminated from "labor" the notion of its social and ethical value for personality, apart from its contribution to an ultimate product. It was left to the thinkers of less industrialized countries than England or Germany—Russia in particular, and writers like Herzen, Lavrov, and Mikhailovsky for choice—to elaborate a genuinely sociological theory of labor. To Marx labor meant only a contribution to production; to these Russian thinkers it meant a gift to society. (It is unfortunate, by the way, that the English-reading public's only opportunity thus far to know Mikhailovsky was but recently thrown open by the publication of Professor Masaryk's book "The Spirit of Russia.")

There is no need to labor the point: the main

elements of Marxism as a theory of society rest for the most part on antiquated mechanical conceptions. Because Marxism did not sufficiently absorb the advancing discoveries of psychology it was unable to repair its social deficiencies, and as a result we have been forced to witness a disintegration of Marxism throughout the world. The best demonstration that an idea is losing its original integrity and vigor comes when its various adherents form sects which claim authoritatively to interpret it, and which conflict among themselves more heartily than they are able to unite against their opponents. This has happened to Marxism. The cries of schism and heresy abound; there are factions within factions; and right and left wings flap with aimless energy without lifting the body politic a single foot from the ground. An international movement that embraces both Noske and Lenin must obviously attempt to move in two opposite directions; and if a body is pushed with equal force in opposite directions it will not move at all. That is the impasse of present-day Socialism. The "movement" is at a standstill.

In mediæval times the doctrines of Chris-

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tianity found themselves in a similar plight, as a result of similar breaches, divergences, and misunderstandings. Loyola and Savonarola each claimed to represent the true spirit of Christian resignation, and the only issue from the deadlock of the Inquisition was a Luther on one hand or a Medici on the other. We need such a definite cleavage, such a clear-cut joining of issues to-day, in order that we rid ourselves of traditional, authoritative Marxism and reach out towards a third alternative. Along the present lines no movement is possible other than dissolution. We must therefore seek new ways, new means, new issues. In so far as Socialist thought is concerned there are indications of a forthcoming renewal. In the idea of Guild Socialism is the promise of a middle term which will involve an actual advance to new ground rather than a recessive compromise. Over our social thought, at least, a new light seems about to break. Whether it will influence our conduct, whether it will guide our movements, whether it will lead us into a new day are questions whose answers are still to be written.

CHAPTER II

THE DEBAUCH OF EUROPEAN THOUGHT

IF WE are to understand the complicated problems of our civilization it will first of all be necessary, I believe, to discover the extent to which we actually possessed a civilization. The word itself is full of vague justifications and assumptions. It was under the banner of a new civilization that the belligerent peoples rose in arms for the world war. Under the same banner they have risen for revolution. Under the same banner the old order takes up the challenge to defend itself against the forces of protest. War and peace, reaction and revolution, justify themselves by this common standard, which each claims for its own. It is evidently high time to ask what, really, does civilization mean?

The same necessity for intellectual criticism attaches to the word democracy. Words originally significant of high ideas and purposes

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tend, in the course of time, to dissipate their meaning, and the rate of dissipation is usually proportional to the extent to which they are used. When popular speech has all but lost for words like "democracy" any vestige of intellectual content it is proper for the critic either to redefine the word so as to conform to new circumstances, or to cast it altogether aside. Where now is democracy? Is it in the abolition of the constitutional and parliamentary guarantees in parliamentarism's native land, England, and in its liberty-loving offspring, the United States? And where is civilization? Is it in the submarine warfare of von Tirpitz; in the Allied blockade of Russia; in the ruthless suppression of Egypt; in the "friendly" agreement for dominating Persia? Is it in the teutonophobe scientists of England and France, or in the hypocritical prostitution practised in Germany by men, for example, like Werner Sombart?

We in Russia have learned to appraise civilization, for our civilization, unlike that of most Western European countries, has to some extent been completely adopted, and has therefore been the outcome of choice. In the eighteenth century, about the time of the Empress

Catherine II, or somewhat later, Russian intellectuals initiated an interminable and sometimes acrid discussion on the subject of eastern and western civilization. They wished to determine the lines upon which civilization should move in the Russia of the future. Putting aside the chauvinists, those interpreters of Russian civilization who wrote and thought only to conserve the old order, we had two strong parties. On one side were the Slavophiles; on the other, the partisans of western civilization. As far back as the fifth decade of the last century one of our great intellectuals, Herzen, who had spent almost all his life in Europe, uttered a warning which now appears almost prophetic. He urged us to guard Russia against the assimilation of the "rotten and dying European civilization." He indicated that what had been thought a contest between two civilizations was really a struggle of life and death.

The course of events has profoundly justified Herzen's vision. We must confess that, at the touch of the world war, every human element went—like the corpse in Poe's story—into a state of putrid dissolution. Our world civilization proved bankrupt, because in the moment

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of greatest moral and intellectual stress the most prominent representatives of "civilization" demonstrated themselves the most active inspirers of animosity and destruction.

Whatever civilization may be we have some general agreement as to its products. Science and art and philosophy and general standards of conduct, if they do not compose civilization, are at any rate its outward manifestation. For the purpose of our examination we shall take science and art and philosophy as the equivalent of that more comprehensive movement of the mind which stricter usage might designate as civilization. What then were the characteristics of civilization in the period before the war and during the war itself? How shall we sum up the spirit of our science? (By science I mean not what is usually included in university courses: I use the term for lack of a European equivalent, in the Russian sense, to signify our whole complex of knowledge, in the arts as well as the mechanical disciplines.)

Our science has marched along two separate paths. That part which did not directly concern itself with social problems had developed to the highest degree along lines of technical,

economic, commercial and military progress. The engineer, the financier, the strategist, exercised a power never before approximated. The "practical" sciences transformed the outer shell of life. The social and general sciences, on the other hand, pursued a solitary and ineffectual course. In comparison with the pure sciences the humanities went backward, and their retrogression was due chiefly to their endeavor to imitate the methods of pure science. History and sociology sought the material for their generalizations in a petrified past which had lost all immediate value and relevance. They attempted to reconstitute the shell of civilization without taking into account the vital chemistry that had created it. Where the social sciences were cocksure they had not advanced beyond classification; where they were more dubious about their results they had not developed more than a technique of hazy generalization. I do not wish unduly to depreciate the historical and philosophic work of the last thirty years. Much of it has a permanent value. I wish only to point out that history and philosophy had separated themselves from life, and that they tended to consider life as a machine whose parts they could

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take out and work upon separately. Therein lay their error. When a physicist experiments with inert materials, discovers fresh uniformities in their behavior, and applies his knowledge to new inventions he follows the only course open to him, and his success amply justifies his method. But the historian and the sociologist cannot do likewise with the living institutions of our times without losing altogether his sense of vital reality. The mechanistic technique of the social sciences left them sterile and unproductive of social results. Life as an active process, humanity as a complex of millions of interactions—success in the social sciences rested on a recognition of these fundamental facts. And the social sciences did not rival the physical sciences in achieving success because the basic peculiarities of vital reactions were forgotten. Pragmatism was practically the first protest against this dessicated method of dealing with the facts of life. And it is with painful slowness that the more flexible technique of James and Bergson, of Ostwald and Levy Bruhl, has won its way to acceptance. The real philosophy of life, for life, and within life, is just beginning to be formulated. It regards life as a continuously active process, not

as a series of mechanical actions. If philosophy and sociology have had no influence over life it is because they have not been practically concerned with it in its totality. They have cut it into segments, they have killed it, as preliminary to discovering in what manner it works!

As far as the social sciences are concerned, accordingly, we may characterize the period just passed as a period of materialism. It was not necessary to be a Marxian or a Socialist in order to adopt the materialistic point of view. Typical in the social sciences were men like Seligman in the United States, Werner Sombart in Germany, and, to a certain extent, Durkheim in France and Loria in Italy. The mechanical and industrial developments of the time had so affected thought that all the other prime elements of life were put intellectually into the discard. It was generally supposed that one element alone in history was responsible for the progress of the race—namely, economics. The more penetrating thinkers realized the insufficiency of this creed at the outset of their philosophic work: hence John Dewey, for example, has tried to find a place for our more fundamental natural impulses in a biological conception of society, and

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Bertrand Russell, for the same reason, has endeavored to emphasize the psychological factors. But, except by way of individual reaction, there was no escape. Materialism was dominant. Beneath the grime of industrialism and mechanics the faint flush of vitalism could barely be detected.

It is not necessary to criticize the materialistic conceptions of life: it is only necessary to recognize them for what they are worth. In sociology and in practical affairs they led to a condition of social indifferentism. The social sciences neglected, in so far as it was possible, our contemporary problems, for the reason that what is contemporary, living, active, cannot be finally analyzed or generalized. Economics and the other social sciences rushed into a crass utilitarianism. Politics, as I have already noted, followed the same course. Life, history, humanity found themselves surrounded by an iron band of materialistic laws and processes. Caught within that circle, paralyzed by the thought of being unable to escape, our social affairs dragged inexorably nearer and nearer a certain end. It mattered little what end—pure parliamentarianism with the conservatives; pure anarchy or Socialism with the

revolutionists. The nearer we approached the fatal days of the war the more clearly could we perceive the dangers of collapse. Even in the most active and inspired movement, that of the Socialists, the same materialistic principles reigned. The main idea was organization. Mechanical combination, the union of individuals into larger groups, the automatic driving force of machinery were the ends which were sought, for example, by that representative popular party, the German Social Democracy. Nowhere could the evil results of this principle be more starkly evident. The German Social Democrats, albeit they possessed the most powerful political organization within any state and had elected the greatest number of parliamentary representatives, were the least active and the least creative of social groups. They were the victims, in a sense, of their organization. When the war came on they preserved their machine by wrecking its usefulness to international social democracy.

It is strange how symbolic separate facts and events sometimes seem in looking backward. There was perhaps one man in Europe who was capable of infusing a new vitality into the Socialist movement. Jean Jaurès could

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perhaps have rallied the new forces of vital self-determination—but he was murdered on the eve of the war. One might say that Europe, having gone far along the path of degeneration, thus committed the last act of self-destruction. She murdered the individual she could not corrupt. The death of Jaurès was symbolic of what happened all over Europe to individuality and genius.

In my introduction I quoted Romain Rolland's reference to the mediocrity of our time. We may now clearly see that not only politics, but science and social thought have contributed to the mediocrity of our society, by contributing falsely mechanical ideas of democracy. Napoleon conceived equality as the equality of all individuals in their responsibility to the state. Contemporary Europe practically understood democracy and equality as a process of levelization—reducing all the characteristic features of the social landscape to an intolerably monotonous plain. Democracy in its contemporary aspect (I shall never tire of repeating it) brought us to the active elimination of originality. Instead of following the individual's impetus to lift the masses to a higher level, we sought by force to make the

individual conform to the lower standards imposed by the state machine. Science, and especially social and political science, with their economic determinism, only confirmed that process.

It is perhaps too early to pronounce a final judgment on this subject. We are not as yet in a position to operate with political and social constants, even though these have tended to fix themselves in our thought. In order to demonstrate the correctness of our view of the democratic process, it will prove more fruitful to turn to another field, that of art and literature.

In Europe and America there has been something of a prejudice against the treatment of art and literature from the social point of view. Even now, when the private life of the average man is inextricably bound up with political and social problems, "cultivated" people are somewhat insensible to social evaluations and appreciations of literature. The attitude of a reviewer in the London "Nation" towards Professor Masaryk's book on Russian literature is representative. Masaryk, following the most influential Russian tradition, treats literature as a direct manifestation of

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social life. He shows the significance of the great Russian writers in relation to their time and milieu. Accordingly the reviewer complains that Masaryk neglects artistic values, and criticizes the author strongly for neglecting what, from the European point of view, is the central contribution of literature. This prejudice in favor of "pure" art is widespread. It is indicative of a habit of mechanically separating life into compartments, or sanctuaries, and it is therefore a denial of the organic integrity of every manifestation of life.

The fallacy of this point of view is, to me as a Russian, apparent. Literature does not merely add something to life by way of private esthetic satisfactions: it is a mighty stream whose many branches irrigate every region of existence. Science can utilize much of its materials. The Russian and French psychoanalysts have found in Dostoyevsky and De Maupassant an inexhaustible treasure house for scientific investigation. The perpetual reference of literature to our social life is inescapable. One may here recall that part of Bergson's "Creative Evolution" in which he develops the idea of the vital impetus (*élan vital*)

with reference to its manifestations in literature. Where life is abnormal, where political conditions are oppressive, where social habits are repressive, where dead conventions bring about an automatic, mechanical life, only one way is left to reflect the aspirations, ideas, the struggle, and the efforts of the individual—the way of literature. In the life of the imagination, in the intimate medium of one's pains and doubts, internal protests and dreaming aspirations, are born the simple fictions, the series of images and dreams, which we call literature.

Literature is the last refuge and asylum of life. That is the reason why literature flourishes in times of reaction and social tyranny. The fecundity of literature in Russia during the nineteenth century, the blackest period of our history, is a witness to this truth. Strangled in the last convulsive movement of Russian autocracy the spirit of the Russian people took wings and flew to the open spaces of the soul. Now when literature is translated and communicated to other peoples it brings about a psychological interplay which adds to the common stock of ideas and thoughts. The success of Russian literature throughout the

world of late years is highly significant from this point of view. Materialism had put western civilization under a yoke as heavy as that of Russian autocracy. And western civilization turned accordingly to the country that had most swiftly and completely emancipated itself from the forces of reaction by means of its literature. Russian literature became a world literature, because it was a regenerative reaction from a world disease.

Of course this theory fails on the surface to answer the obvious question—why did not French, German, and English literature develop along the same lines during this period? The answer is not altogether obscure. In the sense in which I use the word reaction it does not merely apply to political autocracy: it applies to more widespread social methods and principles of behavior, even though the adherents of reaction march under the banners of civilization, freedom, democracy, or revolution. Reaction in this sense has two phases. In one case certain conscious political agents overtly attempt to suppress the individual forces of society. This type of reaction gives rise to a widespread internal protest which moves upward through all grades of society and pro-

duces strong individualities, who are competent to voice an effective opposition. Such was the case of Russia during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century. The other type of reaction, that of Europe, is somewhat different. Politically and socially Europe was more or less democratic. That is to say, Europe enjoyed constitutional freedom, and the forms of an unrepressive political society were at least outlined on paper. All the while, however, the processes of levelization and standardization were working in the opposite direction. Wider and wider provinces of social life were, without protest, brought under the mechanical control of an impersonal—indeed, an almost automatic—state. Before Europe could realize its position the forces of individuality were disintegrated. This kind of reaction insidiously blocks up the creative impulses of society. The individual is forced to live meanly, and on a low level. And under these conditions art and literature begin to decay. Exceptional men of genius like Romain Rolland occasionally continued to crop up, but the greater part of the contemporary generation in Europe remained in a state of inactivity, of passive contemplation, and that is a state of

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spirit which favors assimilation from without rather than independent creation from within. Thus it happened that the Russian theater, Russian music, the Russian ballet, the Russian novel acquired during the last twenty-five years a greater and greater influence throughout Europe.

Science is a useful instrument for research, but literature carries one actually to the threshold of revelation. In almost all his writing Bergson emphasizes that we do not know the real nature of things; even the widest scientific knowledge does not carry us a step towards that goal. We live among hazy, mysterious generalities, the secret reality of which we feel only by our direct, creative intuition. At times that intuition lifts the curtain which divides us from the real world, and we give birth to beautiful dreams and poetical creations. The man who could at will raise that curtain of deadly obscurity would see such wonderful pictures of life that he would be the greatest of philosophic geniuses, the greatest of poetical geniuses, and the greatest of musical geniuses—all at one and the same time. With Bergson's description of the rôle of intuition I heartily agree. In the final analysis Bergson sees no line of demarca-

tion between scientific thought and artistic creation. They are each legitimate; they are each, for its own purpose, valid. Literature does not merely deal with the accidental and the local and the temporary: it reflects our deepest insights just as faithfully as science or philosophy. In a period of social stress literature becomes a precious source of knowledge.

The reader will now understand why an attempt to see through the medium of modern literature the features and meaning of our modern social life is, to my mind, a hopeful and important undertaking. I am not pretending to make a thorough analysis of the subject; to do that would be to write another book. I wish only to indicate the main points of departure and determine roughly the principal boundaries.

Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" is a landmark in contemporary literature. Preeminently it is a social novel, whose roots top every level of society. What are the conclusions to be drawn from it? What is the final impression that it leaves? Briefly this: that our society with its dwarfed standards, its smug, torpid self-satisfaction, has no place for youth, for creative activity, for individual

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forces. In such a society old Jean Christophe, lonely and sad, meets death without a single tremor of regret. The old half-sarcastic principle of Mephisto—“*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren,*” prevailed in every department. Love, popularity, personal satisfaction, popular approbation, all these things came either too late or not at all. The real rulers, the real kings of society, in life, in art and in politics, are little newsboys shouting extras on the streets. Greatness had no place in life. There, Rolland pointed out, lay the weakness of our society. It had no mind of its own, no individuality of its own—in short, no integrity. With Rolland’s analysis in view the general collapse of European society, the world war, and the revolutions were inevitable. As we read the last pages of his “Jean Christophe,” written in 1910-1912, we are amazed at Romain Rolland’s perspicacity. To his mind, war, not as an issue for salvation, but as a destructive blow to all that exists, was inevitable. He did not will it, but he felt its force growing more and more. He knew that it would be impossible to dam the stream. The solid mass of European society was moving toward war with irresistible momentum.

In a recent novel by a young Russian writer, Ilya Sourgouchov, entitled "The Mill," there is a description of a Russian student, sitting, slightly drunk, on a bench in a city park, looking into the dark blue sky of the night, sprinkled with myriads of stars. This student, Ivan Ivanovitch, says to his friend—"How corrupt is our life! In the old times we used to walk slowly and with dignity. We used to pray to God with devotion and faith. We were living, breathing fresh air into our free, healthy bodies, encouraging our free, healthy spirits. And now it is amazing in what a hurry people are. It seems that they have no time, they must hurry, they must travel two hundred miles an hour. They have to celebrate a mass in twenty minutes. The old classical beauty has gone from speech. We have little one-act performances, little bits of ragtime music, like *musical cakes*. Everything, everyone, is in a hurry as if they were all in a big railroad station. Why this hurry? People do not know. They are driven by some kind of brutal force. And what will be the result?" (Drunken Ivan Ivanovitch asks the question with a smile.) "The machine is going on with such a rush, the hurry is so great, there must be a wreck. All

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will be mixed together. Nobody will be able to stop the great speed, and the blue sky and the golden stars, the railroad stations, the long trains, the musical cakes, all will be broken to pieces and will fall like little drops of rain in a hurricane. All will be crushed by the swiftly speeding wheel of the world mill."

Ivan Ivanovitch was, after a fashion, a prophet. He feared the hurry. He felt the spirit of the times. His dream, half fantasy, half lyrical delirium, is not without meaning. Who was the hero of our modern age? The great *nobody*. What was the aim of that mill-like life? A vast *nothing*.

While in 1890 the pessimistic fighter, Ibsen, represented the spirit of our aspirations and ideals, on the eve of the twentieth century we had to face the absolute elimination of the individual from a life in harmonious adjustment. The new individualism, the post-Ibsen one, tried to run away from life and what is human. It sought satisfaction in artificial excitations, and that is the real cause of the sexual period in literature some few years ago. With Otto Weininger and his "Sex and Character," with Artzibasheff and "Sanine," with the revived popularity of Catulle Mendès, and some spe-

cial writings of Marcel Prévost, the reign of the *boulevard* literature came into being.

On the other hand, and parallel with this, another process took place. Human thought, tired and exhausted, tried to take refuge in new forms which would make it forget the decay of dull standards and traditions. Peter Altenberg is one of the best examples of that kind of neurotic impressionism which seeks relief from the impact of reality. The dissolute brain under such conditions is satisfied by a hint, by a half word, without descriptions, without any naturalistic rendering of life, since real life has lost its value and its real meaning. The human heart and mind became less and less active. They were satisfied with individual, sometimes intensely personal, contemplations. The movement in painting which is called *intimism*, or the contemplative art of the French poet, Francis Jammes, are very characteristic from this point of view. One has not to be in life in order to live, or to breathe life and fight for it. It is enough to look over the waving waters of a lake and to feel the intimate relations between the human soul and nature's soul.

Europe indeed had some writers of the old

school, with brains and nerves of the old type, —Henry de Regnier in France, and Carl Schönherr in Germany,—but these exceptions merely emphasize the rule. It is significant, for instance, that Jack London and Maxim Gorky were among the most popular writers in Europe. Jack London felt in America those elements which were imported from Europe, and in a condensed and acute way he made them his own. His “Martin Eden” was a remarkably eloquent illustration and interpretation of the European mind and the European individual. Even when a great soul and a great character were found, strong and vital,—and a great soul was that of Martin Eden,—they could live, aspire, and fight only as long as they were outside of the general current, somewhere in a dirty little six-by-eight room in Oakland. Brought in the thick of life, they preferred to sink deep beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

In the speed of the mill-wheel of European life the education of our spirit was diverted to a very peculiar kind of interest. The internal protest of the individual instead of engendering revolt and fight, degenerated into peculiarities, idiosyncrasies. Peculiarities took the place

of originality, as, for instance, futurism. Its father, the Italian writer, Marinetti, is the most characteristic product of our European mind. The old and ever new, the eternal aspiration of art to lift the curtain, to penetrate the hazy screen which divides us from reality, disappeared little by little. The street, the signals of the motor cars, the tremor of trains, took the place of initiative and penetration into life. Queer, weird, combinations of colors without any meaning; colored cows, painted horses, black noses, light blue hair, red ears, navy blue hands, all that was strange and weird and startling because of its weirdness, became the object and the subject of futurism.

There was no other refuge, no other escape from the old materials, and those who had conserved in their souls the old feelings and the old appreciations of life, were busily recording the tendencies of our time and describing the melancholy sinking of our sun. Wasserman, Kellerman, even old Knut Hamsun, the teacher of Kellerman, saw humanity as flotsam on the waves of the turbulent and unhappy sea of life. Nagel, in "The Mysteries," by Hamsun, might have other reasons and motives than those of Martin Eden for finding his

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place also beneath the water, but he was confronted by the same conditions, the same sterile outlook.

The terrible pangs of hunger, the loneliness and hopelessness which we find even in the songs of love in "Victoria," or in the passing shades of Builder Solness' life, are the main chords of the melancholy European song.

When a European writer did have a conception of strength, of creative and persistent power, he was forced to leave his European soil and to transform his hero into an American as did Kellerman in his "Tunnel." The remarkable engineer, Allan, who wanted to connect two continents by means of a tunnel under the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, could not have been a European. He was too strong, had too much life; too much of the spirit burned in him.

These facts perhaps explain the popularity of the Russian author Chekhov, in Germany, in France, and in England during the last few years and even now. And still Chekhov tells only stories of the tired Russia of the 'nineties, the land of gray human beings, of dull lives; the writer of our *intemperie* when there was

no definite life, no definite aspirations; the painter of many melancholy dreams, and too few thoughts; too many words and too few actions.

Three names of men who were popular during the last few years throughout Europe are worthy of note—Oscar Wilde, Dostoyevsky, and William J. Locke. Wilde belongs in Europe to the decadents, to the sexual period of Otto Weininger. At the present moment our special interest lies not in his aesthetic theories or in his philosophy of subtilizing pleasure. What is characteristic of his influence is his philosophy of suffering as expressed in “*De Profundis*,” his idea of the leaden weight of the boy prince who had to love but had no heart. When life is unable to give joy one tries to idealize suffering. When love is corrupted and reduced to Artzibasheff’s physiology, or to the subtle flirtation of Catulle Mendes, a human being becomes a prince without a heart. The swallow loves the prince and suffers for him, but has to acknowledge finally that the prince is a bronze statue and his eyes are only precious stones, which look but do not see, whose tears are only drops of cold autumnal rain.

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The tragedy of those who think and those who love was not only the eternal tragedy of the individual who is lonely among crowds, but the tragedy of a dying energy. The loneliness of Lord Byron, his intense unhappiness, did not prevent him from enjoying life, during his famous Italian period. It did not prevent him from dying for Greece's freedom, although he knew the tragedy of "The Prisoner of Chillon." The modern individual lies in Reading gaol and suffers, and that is all.

William J. Locke, a star obviously of the second order, was, during the last of the pre-war years, the most popular writer in Europe. This subtly cultured man, with his sophisticated brain and amazing erudition, is a real contemporary European. He employs all the elements of life as keen tools for excitement, mental, intellectual, spiritual and sensual. He does not care very much, as a matter of fact, about the significance of life and love. He simply gives society a cinematographic reel of sometimes exotic, sometimes elegantly Parisian, sometimes wild, primitive pictures, and covers the whole business with the web of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," a simple, lazy, disappointed, discouraged European, who

thinks in formulas of all philosophies, smokes cigarettes, writes a diary, and is out of life for a very simple reason. Having all the advantages of a modern European, disappointment, indifference, good taste, and leisure, he possesses an atavism, a disadvantage,—moral honesty.

And last, Dostoyevsky, the one author who remained popular after the period of the new romanticism and the revival of Nietzsche. Dostoyevsky, who is read as extensively in France, in England, in Germany, as he is in Russia, is perhaps the most interpretative example of our European spirit. Full of nervous revolt, unhealthy protest, anarchistic aspirations, all combined with a reactionary, sarcastic disposition, Dostoyevsky's superman never became mad, as did Nietzsche. He has always normal reactions, but he is "possessed." One can never forget that "The Possessed" of Dostoyevsky are practically normal human beings. They are "possessed" only in so far as they play a part in a corrupt social life. It is a mistake to consider this novel of Dostoyevsky as a realistic picture of a part of Russian society. It is rather a protest against and a calumnation of those who dare to dream of

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fighting against the general social and political régime. "Crime and Punishment" are both exciting elements of modern life. Punishment is not that high conception of which Tolstoy speaks, when he quotes the Gospel at the beginning of *Anna Karenina*, but is an institution against a crime which is practically permitted but only to certain people and under certain forms. He who dares to violate the general forms will be brutally punished. Ras-kolnikoff had no right to kill the old woman, but the many hundreds of thousands who were killed in Russian gaols, in the colonial expeditions of European states, on the streets of Paris, London, and Berlin, with their "poisoned atmosphere" of morphine, cocaine, and ether, were victims legally killed, by legal forms, of the legally existing legal society. Dostoyevsky's value for modern Europe lay in his anarchistic, atrocious, unhealthy pessimism, and as such he is one of the beloved European authors.

But the most characteristic social feature of our European literature has still to be interpreted—it is something for which I cannot find a better word than the French "*boulevard*." Boulevard literature, street stories,

sensational "stuff," gutter fiction were rampant. There was a general lack of imagination, of real creative intuition, of new pictures, and new terms which are to be transformed into life, and a new life which is to be transformed into new terms. There remained only the crude primitive imagination of the earliest years of childhood. Therefore the most popular art—if it can be called art—of recent years in Europe confined itself to detective stories, sensational reports of killings, suicides, and all those events which temporarily stimulate the jaded, easily satisfied tastes of the crowded city boulevards. Thus, little by little, real art was displaced by the cinematograph, which is well known in Europe under the name of the great "dumb." Words were worn out to such an extent, and had become so banal, so dull, that there was no longer any need of them. The intuitive content and substance of art was necessary to an exhausted imagination and a mechanistic society. The pre-war years may be called the decade of the decay of artistic aspirations. Such exceptions as Rodin in sculpture, and Max Reinhard and Gordon Craig in the theater, only make the general decay more pronounced. A Russian proverb

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says, "the darker the night the brighter the stars," but the opposite of this is also true. The stars brought out the blackness of the night: and the night was everywhere.

From the masterpieces in our literary field—the most popular until recently—*Hedda Gabbler* and *Builder Solness*, *Uncle Vanya* and *The Three Sisters*—we can only deduce that the few remaining vital forces of individuals were dying, smothered into oblivion by the stolid weight of a mechanical society. Life could not go on in that fashion without losing its driving force. Society itself was suffering from a sort of elephantiasis which slowed up its motions and threatened to prostrate it by the effect of its own weight. This condition could not last any longer. Of whatever kind it might be, a revolution had to take place. From whatever quarter it might come, a destructive flood of insurgent human impulses had to sweep over Europe and carry away all debris and decay that the century of Napoleonism had accumulated. To evoke a new creative impetus, or to create a new impetus, was the drastic demand of the situation. The channels of life were blocked. Destruction in one form or another, war or revolution matters

little, was necessary to open them. Mind and soul felt the innate necessity for release.

That is what Romain Rolland sensed—and he was right. The war came.

CHAPTER III

THE MORASS OF WAR

THE war came. It came not so much to extinguish European civilization as to show us more incisively what European civilization was. It has become a platitude to say that the great conflict was the result of economic causes: we need not altogether spurn this interpretation in order to see that roots of the evil went below the subsoil of capitalism and struck the very bedrock of our spiritual life. The war was a fungus that drew nourishment from the dead tissue of the European spirit. But for the decay of European civilization the war could not have fastened upon society and blighted the whole face of existence.

Doubtless the economic motives, especially as they affected the statesmen, the industrialists, and the financiers, are among the immediate causes of the disaster, and I shall try to indicate their bearing more clearly in a subse-

quent chapter. In back of them, however, lay more ultimate elements which account for the destructive insurgence of martial effort in every walk of life. Economic factors might have pricked the governments to diplomatic competition, but against these surface manifestations of belligerency, society, as such, could have firmly held its ground. The Russo-Japanese war, for example, was also an economic war, but for all that it encountered antagonism in Russia on every side, and its unpopularity led to revolutionary disaffection. The interesting peculiarity about the Great War, on the contrary, was its popularity among all the belligerent peoples. I have endeavored to indicate the reasons for this and to expose the factors which paralyzed the resistance of the masses. Intelligent observers who lived in Europe in the ante-bellum days, and who observed European conditions, saw clearly that society, without respect to class lines, was rapidly collapsing, and many of them came to the conclusion that a stimulating injection was necessary in order to rouse it from its deep lethargic repose. The spirit of "*après moi le deluge*" had impregnated the entire mind and soul of Europe. A thoughtful

individual of creative inclinations faced an almost homogeneous mass of incredulity, coupled with absolute indifference to new ideas and thought. More and more influenced by the "levelization" I have referred to, this mass remained an unassimilable and immovable lump. It is hard to say whether the purely mechanical policy of capitalistic society had of set purpose so educated the masses as to make them incapable of advancing in civilization, or whether the masses themselves were moved by more impersonal forces to the same impasse. But as far as results go it matters little. Potentially, society possessed vast reservoirs of knowledge—the war brought that fact out by repeated demonstrations—but every attempt to tap that reservoir and harness it directly to the vital activities of society was forced to encounter an apathetic resistance which rarely could be overcome. Hence our knowledge remained unutilized and our energies were frittered away in anti-social and immoral diversions.

Illustrative of the weakness of our social values was the overwhelming attention to a "high standard of living." This was currently supposed to be a main factor in civilization.

Everything was centered on a general drive

for prosperity. The outlook and ambitions of the French "*rentier*" or of the German Bürger permeated the European masses. The growth and spread of so-called "Christian Socialism," a movement that popularized submission and passiveness among the Austrian and German proletariat were significant, as indicative of a conservative state of mind which aimed at nothing higher than the acquisition of material values. Instead of finding a vigorous development of ideas within the ranks of the proletariat or the advanced intellectuals, we had to deal in these groups with the same spirit that animated the bourgeoisie—the attainment of immediate well being. It was a period of social disintegration. The spirit of solidarity was destroyed, the spirit that rises sometimes from the depth of the national heart, and shows that we are more than an accidental concourse of individuals. A "gasolineless Sunday" is more eloquent sometimes than any statistical standard of living, and the war in Europe emphasized these features. The so-called "profiteers" in England and America, the "*accapareurs*" in France, the speculator in Russia, the "*Roi Ziep*," in Belgium, and the *Kriegsgewinner* in Germany are illustrative

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types whose conduct flagrantly typified the time. Certainly there has always been in every war a group that fattened on the misery of the thousands, but this last war has shown a general, an almost universal tendency towards selfish profiteering. Before the Russian revolution even, the most patriotic of all the belligerent nations, France, had many so-called "*embusqués*" (people who escaped from the front on some pretext and found safe positions in the rear), and there were many more in Russia and Germany. Yet our exhausted and morally empty society accepted the war without a protest, without any attempt at resistance, because it was a tragically dramatic relief from a dull banal life.

I recall the situation in August, 1918, when I spent some time in Hungary, in Austria, and in Germany. It was a revelation to me to see that these peoples who were suffering intensely from the war, who were weary of it, were still enthusiastic. They were fighting a fight for life and death. The national spirit in Berlin, in Vienna, or in Budapest was hardly less than that of Petrograd and Moscow under Kerensky. A friend of mine, an Austrian literary man, who was very bitter

against the war, said to me one day: "You do not know! You do not know! Surely for you the Allies are not merely allies, but saviours of democracy; but we know, because we know our faults, that they want to smother us. They want to close us within the iron band of their military power. You are happy in the freedom you have so long wanted, but we are not guilty because of having a Berchthold or a Tisza. Had we not had them, France, two or three or five years later, would have produced a Berchthold or a Bethmann-Hollweg, and *they* would have been the aggressors." Then he added with a smile, "And perhaps *we* would then have been the Allies of democracy."

Had I read these words in a book or newspaper before I left Russia I would have accepted them with a skeptical smile, but after witnessing the ravages of the war in the very heart of the Central Powers, I felt how right, how profoundly right, this Austrian friend of mine—Dr. Richard Berman—was. When, later, I saw Hungary and the rear of the Italian front,—when I had looked at the exhausted soldiers, weak, hungry, pale, and ill, walking shadows of human beings, I foresaw that we were at the beginning of the end; that

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the Allies would win the victory. My cold reason told me that their victory would be the lesser of two evils, and therefore, theoretically, I was glad. But I felt a deep sorrow, too, and above all a terrible and terrifying apprehension, as to the fate of the people. When I saw on the shores of the beautiful Danube some four or five hundred Magyar and Croatian soldiers lying in the hot sun, eating with avidity rotten watermelons that had been thrown away as unfit for food, I asked myself, "Who is right?" I understood as did everybody else, that Kaiser Wilhelm and the Austrian Emperor were using these suffering men as mere tools, but what made these men fight; what made them willing to suffer hunger, misery, illness, unspeakable wretchedness, and still continue to fight? It is a question of more than psychological significance. They fought for the same reason as did the Russians, the English, the French, and the Italian soldiers. They fought because pre-war Europe had eradicated individual aspirations and human feelings from the people; because pre-war Europe had enriched the life of the people with nothing more than the barren formalities of civilization—to know how to read and write, to have a high

percentage of literacy. That was the "enlightenment" of which the European State boasted. But it did not mean that the people were educated. The state did not care. In fact, it rather feared education, because education makes people self-conscious, and teaches control of the instincts by reason and love. The common people fought, therefore, because they were a mass, a mob that attributed to the physical enemy in the trenches the terrible frustration of their spiritual life. It would have been strange could they have recognized their real enemy, and prepared themselves to fight the real fight!

There on the banks of the Danube, with the wonderful royal palace and the architecturally beautiful Parliament buildings on one side, and on the other the mass of dirty soldiers eating rotten watermelons, I remembered a description of Napoleon's campaign in Italy, which I had read in a volume by Frederick Masson. Young soldiers, sixteen years of age, used to cry like babies deserted by their mothers when Napoleon was driving them through the mountains of Italy, smeared with blood and steeped in misery, "to bring freedom to Italy." Who was the liberator of Italy—Napoleon or Gari-

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baldi? I saw no Garibaldi on either side of the struggle in this war. I saw no light and no right on either side. Napoleon commanded both the victor and the defeated. . . .

On one of the battlefields of Galicia in July, 1917, immediately after an infantry attack, I came across a healthy-looking giant of a German soldier, dying in hysterical convulsions. Two Russian soldiers had brought some cold water and were endeavoring to help him. He kept on crying and shivering until he lost consciousness entirely. I followed the men as they carried him to the nearest Red Cross tent, where he was brought back to consciousness. He was not wounded and when he had recovered a little I asked him, "How long have you been at the front?" "Three years," he answered in a tone of utter despair, "three years," and the hysterical crying began again.

The Russian social thinker, Mikhailovsky, was accustomed to make a fine discrimination between two aspects of truth—truth-verity and truth-justice. I saw for the first time in my life both these truths in this German soldier. I saw neither on either side of the battlefield itself. I was convinced that war was not the issue or the way out. War is *war*, and all

through the wars of Alexander the Great, Xerxes of Persia, and Hannibal; through those of Napoleon and Moltke down to the present war, war was always war. Never has it brought any solution of our problems. Never has it helped civilization a step forward. War may, perhaps, be inevitable at this present stage of society, but it is inevitable only in the sense in which smallpox is inevitable—the only difference being that it does not bring any immunity afterwards.

Nicholas Morosov, a Russian scientist and revolutionist, who was imprisoned twenty-nine years in solitary confinement, one day, on the banks of the Volga, noticed a group of little boys armed with sticks and wooden swords, playing at soldiers. He remarked:—"War will be done with, abolished as an institution, not when international leagues and parliaments have agreed that there shall be no more war, but only when our children play no more at being soldiers." I am reminded of Maupassant, who took part in the campaign of 1870, who was perhaps more bitter against the Prussians than Clemenceau a couple of generations later. He said that all human beings feel an imperative necessity to destroy, to kill. They

kill insects, and animals, for our pleasure. (Read his wonderful novel, "The Wolf.") And in some periods of history they kill themselves, and call it "national defense," "holy war," etc. Somewhere else he says that when the captain of a vessel fails to rescue his ship from wreck he is brought before judges without regard to his actual guilt. Why then, he asks, are not the governments that failed to prevent the war brought before a popular tribunal after a war? A government is a captain, and it has a right to its name only when it either sinks with its ship or rescues the ship and the crew. But no government has a right to begin a war or to respond to a call for war.

We have not yet perhaps reached the stage where governments are captains and children cease to play with sticks for rifles and paper caps for helmets; but the last five years have made one thing clear: no war under any banner can ever be justified. There must be some other method of reaching a decision. A war against war must be accomplished without mobilization and without tanks: if it is carried on with old weapons it cannot possibly achieve new results. To fight Mars in armor is to assault him in his strongest position, and to ac-

cept his challenge on his own terms. His weak point is not his armor but his head. Let us not be blinded by wily metaphors. The pacifist who treated war as a disease and was willing to be inoculated preventively should realize by now that the vaccination was more disastrous than smallpox could have been. We must evolve an entirely new technique for dealing with war. I do not pretend to have any methods of my own, or to have discovered particular merit in those of anyone else, which would encourage the immediate hope of abolishing the irrational and brutal and ultimately useless methods that have so long prevailed. I am content to point out the necessity.

Viewed as a single dramatic act, it would seem that the past war was a simple act of self-destruction. By this terrible and drastic method European society expiated almost a century of hypocrisy. The testimony of Professor Friedrich Foerster of Munich should remind us sharply of our sins on this score. One looks in vain through intellectual circles in Europe for a more sterling moralist than Professor Foerster. In the furnace heat of war patriotism Foerster remained honestly and sincerely pro-ally, as long as the Allies

deserved sympathy—an anti-German who could stand out even among Frenchmen. As an exile from his home country, who suffered for his beliefs, Foerster cannot be suspected of pro-Germanism. Yet with his knowledge of the faults and crimes of Germany he believed that a sincere inquirer would find that the peculiar guilt of Prussia and her satellite states consisted only in the systematic and wantonly rigorous fashion that she carried out the accepted principles of statecraft and strategy. A thorough analysis would disclose, in other words, that Prussia's crime consisted not in being differently brutal but in being perfectly brutal. Prussianism was simply a mature form of Gallicism or Russianism. The underlying psychology, even the final outcome, was the same.

In a sense the war created no new conditions, no new problems, no new solutions. The chief function of the war was to open our eyes to conditions and problems that had long existed. Because of the fact that our eyes have indeed to some extent been opened, many earnest people have deluded themselves into believing that the conflict was a great blessing—or, at any rate, that it will prove a great blessing in the

long run. They are justified in their optimism only to the extent that it is true that our short-sighted European society cared about nothing that vitally concerned its existence, and had to be bathed in blood before it could understand the daily necessity for water.

But they were wrong because the consequences of the war are so incompatible with its results and lessons. What advantage is it for more people to know that nations ought not to be suppressed; that our economic and industrial life must be reconstructed? Is Germany not enslaved by the peace treaty? Are millions of people not oppressed by foreign rule? Egypt! India! Ireland! Russia by the Allies? Part of Hungary by the Czechs? Part of Russia by the Roumanians? Part of China by the Japanese?

All these "new" problems only illustrate that the forces which engendered the war have grown stronger; that the purposes which corrupted our society and international life are still uppermost in our minds. Is it not significant that in the French Chamber of Deputies the peace treaty was opposed because Germany was not disarmed and not sufficiently punished, and because the guarantees were not

sufficiently strong? A new triple alliance, Great Britain, France, and the United States, is proposed at Versailles—a more immoral weapon than even Bismarck forged in his Austrian-German combination. Moltke, Bismarck's Hindenburg, once said that war prevents us from falling into the most degrading materialism, and egotism. Our modern war-makers and peace-makers may speak of this war differently, but they act in the very spirit of Moltke's remark.

War was never a spring of progress. War, and especially a victorious war, never brought any contribution to the development and happiness of human beings. The tears of Jules Favre, who wept on Bismarck's shoulder under the walls of Paris, are forgotten or entirely unknown. But those tears of a devoted representative of a defeated army were very significant. They were perhaps more dangerous than the self-satisfaction of the victor. Clemenceau has proved that. He took revenge. Many tears are now being shed in the defeated countries. But a lost war, a defeat (it must be remembered now that the war is over), is more than an idea in the so-called "defeatist" theory of the Russian opponents of

the war. When Russia lost the war with Turkey in 1855 it resulted in the inauguration of new reforms. In 1861 serfdom was abolished. In 1864 a new civil court was established. But when Russia won the war with Turkey in 1876 reaction began, and Alexander II was killed. When Russia lost the war with Japan, in 1904, a constitution and a parliament, limited indeed, were given to the Russian people. But when the Russian armies advanced successfully on the fields of Galicia in 1915 a reaction began in Russia, and only after the Galician defeat did the Tsar's throne begin to shake, and cause him to make concessions. A year later it was too late. As long as Napoleon the Third fought successfully he could be the second Emperor. As soon as he was defeated at Sedan the signal of liberation was given in France. Even Bismarck, in 1870, the First Chancellor of the First German Empire, was more liberal than the new democracy of 1919. Bismarck did not interfere with French internal affairs, and France established her Third Republic. The modern parliamentary "democratic" states, on the other hand, have persistently interfered with the internal constitution of Russia, even in the face of resistance by popular

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majorities. Austria is unable to do what her constituent assembly decided. She is prohibited from uniting with Germany because, practically, the peace treaty established, not self-determination for Austria, but the continental hegemony of France. If this be progress, democratic progress, what is reaction?

Among the other lessons of the war one in particular is worthy of note—the behavior of the intellectuals. It confronts us with remarkable anomalies which are not solved by the Marxian formula that a man always expresses the psychology of his economic class. With Mikhailovsky and especially Lavrov I believe that the intellectual groups in a nation represent the quintessence of national, social, and human aspirations. At their best the intelligentsia are a group of critically thinking individuals whose thought rises above that of any social group or class. The leaders of the European Socialists exemplify this characteristic; for they are mostly not laboring men, and they have for the large part been compelled to turn their backs on the class that economically claimed their allegiance. Lenin is but the latest witness to this truth. A noble from Simbirsk, at one time a rich man, he organized the

most proletarian revolution in all history. His example might be multiplied. Anatole France, Henri Barbusse, and many Russian revolutionists of noble descent in one way or another sacrificed their place in "society" in order to aid Society.

Nevertheless, if the intellectuals have freed themselves from economic claims, they present another kind of bias which was not allowed for by Marx. The University of Jena in 1915 gave a prize for the best thesis on the subject, "English Cant." The famous French musician, Saint Saëns, so hated all the Germans that he vilified Wagner as a "Prussian." Russian professors of philosophy tried to derive the armament of Krupp from the firmament of Kant. If the national and social spirit of a people was reflected anywhere, in any way, it was in the spirit of the leading intellectuals. There was a phenomenon which must give us pause. Was it not strange to see Gustav Hervé among the militaristic haters of Germany; Scheidemann a member of Kaiser Wilhelm's cabinet; Emil Vandervelde signing the peace treaty of Versailles; and the old Russian Plekhanov enthusiastically pro-war? What was the meaning of this?

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Time alone will give us a complete answer to this question, but, at any rate, one point is certain. The Economic Man may be dead, but nationalism is neither dead nor exhausted: it is, on the contrary, the strongest significant social impulse to-day.

Nationalism has divided the Socialist International. It has created the patriotism of Scheidemann, of Thomas, of Plekanov, of Arthur Henderson. Civil peace is become the motto of the day. We know that selfish nationalism as represented by Napoleon was productive of a greater disaster. The Congress of Vienna, which practically closes the period of the French Revolution, with its absolute disregard and violation of national principles, opened the way for the diseases and abnormalities of our day, and was one of the greatest crimes in all history.

The Russian Socialist and historian, Kariyev, represents the general trend of our history in the following schematic manner. We had at the beginning, he says, river culture. Civilization was centered near the rivers; the Nile in Egypt, the Tiger and Euphrates in Mesopotamia. That is the childhood of civilization. Afterwards came sea culture. The Phœni-

cians opened the way through Gibraltar, and culture began to be concentrated around the shores of the Mediterranean and the Black and North Seas. To-day we are in the oceanic period. Now if this geographical conception be true it should be correlated with psychological elements of a decisive character. When Napoleon came to an agreement with Alexander the First, at Tilsit, concerning Prussia, the latter was almost reduced to an insignificant point on the map of Europe, and was disarmed. That was an international mistake. It was the birth of the real militaristic system of our day, of universal compulsory conscription, springing out of the French Revolution, and contributing to the creation of a Prussia of Bismarck and William II.

That experiment with Prussia could not be repeated on a larger scale without disastrous results. Being in the oceanic state of culture, geographically and in the mechanical state of world civilization spiritually, we could not escape a collapse, since the Congress of Vienna, in creating a new map of Europe, had enslaved many of Europe's nations.

The national movement of Young Deutschland, and then the movement for national unity

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of Germany, led by Bismarck, was practically the first big national wave which broke over Europe. International policies, after the Congress of Vienna, and later the Versailles peace of 1870, seemed to be policies for disregarding national aspirations and necessities. It seems to me that this war was the ninth wave, the last blow of that spirit. This point became especially clear to me when, early in September, 1918, I happened to attend a session of the Austrian Reichsrat. I shall never forget the speeches of the Czecho-Slovak leader, Stanyek, the Polish Social Democrat, Dashinsky, and of those leaders of the Jugo-Slavs, the Ukrainians, the Roumanians and the Italians. Dashinsky's speech was a strange combination of terrible despair and undying hope. The bitterness and suffering of the Poles, oppressed by Russia, Germany, and Austria, were expressed with such fervor, and his heroic faith in Allied democracy was expressed with such conviction, that the Minister-President, Baron Husarek, could not find adequate words to reply. He gave us the impression of being a big confused child who was trying to make his voice heard in a large hall among many people. "We do not want anything but national free-

dom," said Stanyek. "Stupid men! They think that we are traitors to our Fatherland and official spies of the Allied countries. We are only in communication with those who stand for freedom through the wireless telegraphy of our brains."

"The world importance of empires composed of different nations is past," he said to me later. But he did not know—nor was he alone in his faith and his ignorance—that Lloyd George thought differently about Ireland, Egypt and India; that Balfour and Clemenceau are either blind men dying with their times, or else psychological geniuses of wonderful perspicacity who realize that nationalism is the last chord that can be elicited from the broken social violin of all Europe, and who choose to die with that final sound in their ears.

The most difficult question of to-day is how to find again and how to bring into being once more the real spirit of democracy, and how to reconcile that spirit with the desperate reaction of nationalism. At a certain moment nationalism passes its climax of community solidarity and enters a stage of chauvinism. The Poles have proved this. That stage means the egotism of a community asserting itself, which is

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equivalent to personal or family egotism on an enormous scale. We are yet very far from the end of nationalism, when it will remain for the world's conscience and the world's moral spirit to bring into play the coöperation which will solidarize humanity. Even the extreme revolutionary movement which had as its banner the maximalist economic conception, could not get rid of the national element; nay, the latter became one of its main supports. Hungarian communism came into being under the banner of national salvation, although it was called a step further towards social revolution. It was not in vain that Count Karolyi, the bourgeois president of Hungary, was one of its promoters, and the Russian Communist revolution became solid and strong only when the spirit of national defense, although expressed in terms of social revolution, arose throughout the country.

It must not be forgotten that in 1812 Napoleon was defeated, not by the regular Russian armies of General Kutuzov, but by groups of illiterate village peasants without any military leadership, who were still serfs and slaves. The national impulse was instrumental in Napoleon's defeat, and that same national impulse

is now one of the strongest factors in the unity and solidarity of Central Russia. The bulk of the Russian peasantry is suffering more under the Soviets, because of the blockade, than they suffered under Kerensky, but they feel they have their own destiny in their own hands, and they are strong and united.

It is difficult to foresee what will be the way for a reconciliation of these two elements, national freedom and international democratic coöperation. This war, like all the wars of the past, and those of the future as well, has only played upon the most sensitive instincts of humanity, and has brought about nothing more than a rearrangement of warring nations, with the natural consequences of chauvinism, imperialism, and brute force. Thus far humanity, having no national leaders, and having no hope in the new order which has been organized by old men, on old bases, with old materials and old tools—humanity is thus far trying in vain to find its way out. Yet in one nation, because of special conditions, there issued spontaneously a desperate effort to get rid, first of her own rulers, and second of those representatives of her family who were merchandising for their own selfish purposes. The convul-

sive effort of humanity to clear the path before it is best illustrated by the Russian revolution. Unfortunately the rest of the world remains submerged by the darkmen of old biases and as a result the Russian revolution degenerated in an almost incurable physical and moral tragedy.

CHAPTER IV

THE RECOVERY OF REVOLUTION

THE Russian Revolution, at the moment I write, dates back three years. Yet few observers in Western Europe fully sense the significance of that catastrophe. The revolution is still looked upon as a convulsive reaction against that monstrous survival of a darker age—the Tsardom. Historically, a number of facts support this narrow, local interpretation of the revolution. Beyond all doubt the Tsardom was an abnormal political institution. It continued to exercise unabated authority in a period when even Persia had some kind of a parliament, and when the despotism of the Sultan of Turkey was being momentarily threatened by insurgent forces. The colossal integrity of Tsardom in the twentieth century was amazing. After the short period of mock constitutionalism which followed the Russo-Japanese War and the Russian Revolution of

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1905, Tsardom resumed its obsolescent claims of autocracy with vigorous impudence. Nicholas II, on succeeding Alexander III to the throne in 1896, had reminded certain representatives of the old Russian zemstvos and village districts (volosty) that the aspirations of liberal Russian groups for a constitutional monarchy were merely "unrealizable dreams." In 1907 the Russian Duma duly confirmed that observation by proclaiming Nicholas officially "Tsar and Autocrat of All the Russias." The hypocrisy of constitutional reform needed no further confirmation. The re-elevation of the Tsar by the Duma was the equivalent of the abolition of the Duma by the Tsar.

For all this the second Russian Revolution did not share the peculiarly national characteristics of the first. I remember the attempted overthrow in 1905. It was a political revolt engineered under the auspices of the Russian intellectuals, by purely Russian methods, without aid or influence from the outside. For many reasons this first revolution failed, and when the last spark of it had been extinguished by exile and imprisonment the hope of revolution all but disappeared among the radicals and Socialists of Europe. The idea of revolution

remained not so much a living belief as a dead postulate of the class struggle. Russia, according to the Marxians, was the last country in which the revolution could occur; for here capitalism had not yet completely converted society to the Great Industry, and, according to the determinist doctrine, a revolution which did not evolve out of the economic situation had no elements of success.

The outburst of the revolutionary spirit in Russia in 1917 left the theoreticians gasping. The Berne International Socialist Bureau, in its first manifesto after the March revolution of 1917, begins with a phrase which reveals how strikingly impressed its authors were. "The revolution," cries the manifesto, "still lives!" Such joy was like that which used to greet the birth of a royal child after a marriage that had long been sterile. Theoretical doubts and dilemmas had been annulled by the event. A new revolution had been born: the spirit of '89 and '48 still lived!

Now, the downfall of the Tsar was a matter of more than purely Russian concern, and it excited worldwide interest. But in spite of the Russian spirit of some of its especial features the revolution itself was a result of interna-

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tional political conditions which, in a sense, merely focussed themselves in Russia. The mainspring of the Russian Revolution of 1917, in other words, was not national but international. It was a reaction against the present-day European spirit rather than against the Tsardom. In short, it had a universal political significance, and because of that fact it cannot be considered as an isolated event that took place in a peculiarly remote and backward country. The oppression of Tsardom was an accidental cause of the revolution; the decay of European thought, the repression of vital forces and individualities, the burden of a senseless war, were the real, the ultimate, and the efficient causes of the Russian Revolution. Let us pause here for a moment to examine the particular conditions upon which these remoter causes operated.

One must remember, first of all, that Russia was closely linked—because of the war—with the political aspirations of Western Europe. The Russian allies, England and France, and especially the former, were hugely disappointed in Russian Tsardom. They were opposed to it, not because it was an iniquitous political system, but because it had proved, as

a military organization, to be lamentably weak. The decade that had elapsed between the Russo-Japanese War and the Great War had contributed nothing to the efficiency of Tsardom as a war-machine. War, indeed, is a typically autocratic enterprise, but the last war proved that the spirit of strenuous popular combat needed the illusions of democratic forms and conventions, with convincing political slogans, in order to awaken the latent energies of the industrial and military population. Therein lay the weakness of the Russian autocracy. They feared greatly that popular slogans might come to have some real meaning to the Russian people. The autocracy, on one hand, was too reserved, and on the other hand too rigorously committed to its forms, to enforce its autocratic power to the full. The very lack of formal democracy in Russia weakened the possibility of creating that real and efficient autocracy under which the "liberal" countries of Western Europe operated. The short-sighted selfishness of the Russian autocracy caused great concern in the British Foreign Office; for Russia was an apparently inexhaustible source of "cannon-fodder" whose ten million men under arms needed only ade-

quate equipment and generalship to roll a tidal wave of victory over the Central Empires. England tried accordingly, among the moderate liberals in Russian society, to unmask the selfish politics of the Tsar. Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador in Petrograd, had much to do with this campaign, and through such leaders as Milyukov he made a deep breach in the ranks of the ruling classes by denouncing either the pro-Germanism of the Court or the perverser crimes of politics accomplished with the influence and under the coöperation of the notorious "Saint" Rasputin. Thus the official forces of Russian nationalism were weakened. It needed only a general European collapse, about which the revolutionary Russian leaders, in all corners of Europe, were well informed to open the way for a popular movement of far-reaching importance.

A building may appear big and strong and imposing, but once the first stone is removed from its foundation its ultimate destruction is only a matter of time. Without another act from the outside the entire edifice will totter and fall. That was the case with Russian Tsardom. England, no doubt, failed to see

that her removal of a single stone would result in the complete dilapidation of the structure of Russian society, but that is precisely what happened. Her support of Denikin and Kolchak may be characterized as attempts to retrieve that which from the reactionary political point of view of the Foreign Office must have seemed a gigantic error in gauging social stresses and strains.

The ground for the revolution had been cleared, but it was still a question as to what group should prepare the plans for a new structure of society. The true revolutionary elements did not hold the field alone, nor were they the only group that sought to profit by the collapse of Tsardom. There were those who wished to keep the essentials of the old order by bolstering it up with constitutional sanctions and supports. For a time Russian parliamentarianism came to the front, represented by the Cadets, and along with these were the Russian *patriots*, represented by the extreme right. They could not, however, retain power for any length of time—and for a simple reason. They had but two watchwords: “National Defense,” and “Unity with Civilized Europe.” Neither of these was calculated to

do anything except increase popular distrust. What was really the background of national consciousness and national defense? It was the old formula that had been adopted by the Tsar, developed by the Tsar, and abused by the Tsar. Great as was the peril of the German invasion, it was a weakness to fight it with a slogan extracted from the dictionary of the ancient régime. Unity with Europe was just as incompatible with a revolutionary psychology. What did it really mean? I recall a novel, entitled "L'Or," by the French writer, Paul Victor. In that book is an excellent description of the Tsar's visit to Paris in 1897. The enthusiastic welcome given this "splendid representative of a splendid people" could not be forgotten by Russia, the suppressed. A change of scene and a lengthening of years brought out the irony of this tribute. The triumphant visits of President Loubet and President Poincaré to Petrograd cast a light upon the values and necessities of European unity. Strikes were taking place in July, 1914, at Petrograd on the occasion of Poincaré's visit. The political situation was acute. Yet the censorship suspended communications about the strikes and the newspapers dealt only

with the wonderful style of the speeches made by the French president, upon drinking to the health of the Tsar. A few weeks later the war broke out. For diplomats, for experts in international affairs, the war meant a welding of the Franco-Russian alliance, conceived and organized by Tsar Alexander III. That was what "European unity" meant, for example, to Sazonov. For the masses who had tasted the first sip of freedom European unity meant the continuance of a régime that would be friendly to the Tsar and his rule. Were Russia thus united to Europe, the Russian intellectuals saw, the active sympathy of other European groups could no longer be counted upon in the movement for liberation.

Now, the spirit of international radicalism has always been the spirit of the Russian Revolution: it has been so from the very beginning. The Russian revolutionist was afraid of perpetuating unity in war because he wished to preserve unity in the battle for freedom. This spirit was not an invention of Lenin and Trotzky. Three days after the overthrow of the Tsar, on March 16, 1917, the first Russian Petrograd Soviet adopted a resolution in favor of a democratic peace which should be sup-

ported and enforced, not by the governments of Europe, but by the working men. That most honest Socialist and patriot, Kerensky, always a consistent anti-Bolshevist, the soul of the first period of the Russian Revolution, never made a speech of any kind without mentioning the European proletariat masses—never the European diplomats. The slightest betrayal of sympathy toward the governments of Europe was enough to precipitate a new revolution. That is why the conservative parties so quickly were thrust into the background. Milyukov, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a fatal note dated March 4, 1917, informed the Allies that Russia remained almost unconditionally with them. That note brought about the first crisis of the Provisional Government. As a result seven Socialists were given portfolios. The unpopularity of war and reaction was evident.

Thus we see that from the very beginning the Russian Revolution was not an independent process of a purely Russian character. It was rather a reaction to international ambitions. It was not Lenin or Trotzky who made the Russian problem a factor in international calculations. They simply made it more evi-

dent, more acute, more consistent, more difficult to escape.

I have noted that the element which was primarily instrumental in the process of the revolution was the element of distrust. It was a distrust both of Europe and of those Russian political groups that claimed to represent European democracy. The character of the revolution became more clear-cut and positive when the exiled revolutionists of the old régime poured back into the country. It is a political superstition to believe that men like Chernov, Lenin, and Trotzky were conscious, and even official, pro-Germans as has been so frequently alleged. Potentially, a large part of the Russian population was disaffected; that is to say, it leaned toward anti-war, anti-European, and anti-imperialist doctrines. The Bolshevik leaders did not create this disaffection. It already existed, and from the beginning it undermined the authority of such an Anglophile as Milyukov. Kerensky himself, with his desperate patriotism and his '93 nationalism, was no man to combat this deep-seated antipathy to Europe and the War. The extremist chiefs, on the other hand, brought back with them an old revolutionary record and a profound knowl-

edge of Europe. They expressed in clear words the living spirit of the people. Their bitterness was a result of their experiences: it was no moody psychological reaction. Inspired by these leaders the popular confidence in the revolution burned anew.

I do not intend to go exhaustively into the diplomatic blunders and international mistakes committed in the capitals of Europe in dealing with the Russian Revolution, since it would be idle to give more instances of the inadequacy of the old diplomats of the old school, dealing with the same old words, to new people about new events. The Russian Revolution was something quite new, and the accredited representatives of the associated powers tried to convince the representatives of the new Russia with the same words and the same smiles which they had addressed some few weeks before to the high personalities at Tsarskoye Selo. Perhaps, from the standpoint of the traditions of "civilized" diplomacy, it is proper to turn a smiling face to the Tsarina returning from an appointment with the ignorant monk Rasputin, and to Kerensky after he had a conference with the Council of Workmen and Soldiers; but from the standpoint of a revolu-

tion the act would be merely a polite condescension.

What is more interesting is to note the European elements in the Russian Revolution. I must first of all explain that Russian Tsardom, although an Asiatic survival, employed almost all the European political tools and slogans. Therefore the anti-national, anti-social, and almost personal policy of the Tsars was always covered by the familiar catchwords, "community" and "patriotism." As I have pointed out before, patriotism was one of the mainsprings in the general policy of Western Europe. But in Russia the word acquired an entirely different meaning. The benevolent absolutists of the eighteenth century did not pretend, at least officially, to be patriots. They were only the more educated, absolutist, "fathers" of their "children," the people: Their loyalty clung not to their country but to their class. The French Revolution accordingly was born and conducted under the tri-color flag of French patriotism, as opposed to the white flag of the Bourbons and nobles. French soldiers killed army officers because the latter were traitors to their country, anti-patriots. A hundred and twenty years of

European life, however, had changed the old ideas. Patriotism as a motive for revolution disappeared because it was misused by Napoleon and Bismarck, by Treitschke and by the Tsars. The Russian word patriotism had always been associated with the Tsar's party, with pogrom unions, and with the reactionary clergy. The downfall of the Tsar was the downfall of official patriotism. Therefore the partisans of national defense, from the left to the right, were bound to be misunderstood by the people. The former had their own patriotic ideas of traditional European liberalism, whereas the people could not get rid of the strange association of patriotism with selfish and greedy conservatism.

Here it is worth while to make one point clear. Kerensky was not guilty of merely a *tactical* blunder. He was really persuaded that a revolutionary nationalism, somewhat akin to the revolutionary nationalism of France in 1793-1796, would be the most valuable aid in the development of Russian freedom. In this respect he trusted more to his temperament and idealistic aspirations than to an insight into the real state of facts and the mind of the people. He did not notice or realize

that in order to carry out his principles he had to deal, not with a nation which was self-conscious and would follow a national hero, but with a nervous, tired mass whose enthusiasm was a result of the unexpected and glorious new freedom. The healthy national instincts of the mass were not affected by Kerensky because they had been weakened by the long tedium of warfare.

During the Kerensky period of the revolution we passed through a time when the people were simply a plain crowd, guided or led by an idealist whose ideas were strange to the crowd itself. Anyone with a calm mind, whether he was an opponent or a partisan of Kerensky, could not help seeing that a reaction, and a disastrous reaction, was inevitable. As long as Napoleon guided his armies under the banner of liberty and patriotism, which was the real standard of the French Revolution, he could succeed; but as soon as these expressions became merely political, as soon as the army failed to recognize them as real issues, Napoleon was morally defeated. Kerensky was much weaker and less conspicuous than the great French soldier and Emperor; and Kerensky was neither a dictator, nor a man of power.

He is perhaps the best illustration of the pure Russian type of activity and idealism. Keren-sky believed. His faith was naïve, almost religious. He believed that a people cannot misunderstand their own great needs, that out of the depths of the masses arises always the whole spirit of truth and justice. He feared from the very beginning that the masses might be corrupted, and all his policy was directed toward moral education, and *laissez faire laissez passer*. As early as April, 1917, in the first month of the revolution, addressing the first Congress of Russian peasants, he said, in the most emphatic and forceful way: "You, comrades, must now show whether you are a people of strength and freedom, or only a mass of revolting slaves." He believed that he could feel the pulse and heart of the people, and that they would never betray their own future. It seemed to him that it would be sufficient if the people were but to get rid of their oppressor, and that any constraint after this would be unnecessary. He was a real idealist, of almost Christian resignation, strangely combined with a tendency to assume a moral dictatorship. I remember a tragic moment at the time of the Moscow National Congress in August, 1917,

when, in his opening speech, after describing the general desperate conditions both internally and at the front, he went on to say that the Provisional Government had found it necessary to reëstablish capital punishment at the front. Enthusiastic applause from the Right greeted the statement. Stamping his foot, and with threatening, clenched fist he interrupted the applause with a loud, almost hysterical cry of "Silence! Silence! You have no right to applaud at a moment when we are dealing with life and death, the right of which does not belong to us. It is terrible that at a time of such stress and despair we are compelled to use such violence. That is our shame, but never our pride."

Had Kerensky been free from the pernicious reactionary influences which were brought to bear upon him, he would never have undertaken any act in violation of the idealistic spirit of the revolution. It is impossible, it would seem, to live and to carry out humane principles in a world debauched by violence. Violent methods are pure European methods; they imply a morbid idea of justice, a justice realized by discipline or constraint. They are repugnant to the Russian idealist. Alexander

Hertzen observed with saddened conviction in one of his works: "*Pereat mundus fiat justitia?* What a stupid idea! I do not want any justice which is bought by the sacrifice of the world. What is the use of any justice which exists all alone, when the world is perishing? I do not want any justice, any abstract justice, which flourishes abstractly on the gravestones of humanity." And that spirit expressed the beauty, the excellence, and the weakness of Kerensky.

Two types of political thought and principle were brought into Russia from abroad. The first, the liberalism of the European, and especially the English mind, as represented by Milyukov and his party; and the second, the traditional orthodox Socialism, mostly influenced by the German school. The old Russian liberals from the first day of the revolution showed that they were a mentally backward group. They had appeared to be advanced only so long as such a mediæval survival as Tsardom existed; but when they had to face a new twentieth-century problem they had only an eighteenth-century solution to offer. Nursed on European literature, in European schools of political thought, and fed with ideas

of English liberalism—which seemed to them to be the *ultima ratio* of a people's life—they represented from the very first, and still represent, the European ideals of force, of domination by the state, of the imposed mechanical discipline of predominant government. They suffered from an *idée fixe* from the first day of the revolution; the idea embodied in the words *Power, Discipline*. They did not judge Kerensky's plans or revolutionary ideals from the standpoint of new values, nor did they seek new methods in order to carry them out. They had their old party prescriptions ready to hand. A parliamentary state must guide people in a certain direction by the old prescribed means. The state machine must avail itself of the old resources of constraint and carry out a fixed program of "law and order."

The spirit embodied in Kerensky was, I say, opposed to these European policies. The future historian may, perhaps, be amazed to find in the records and documents concerning the first days of the Russian Revolution the following fact, significant of that first outburst of generous impulse. When Zukomlinoff, the erstwhile Minister of War, was arrested by the guard and brought to the palace of Taurida,

he narrowly escaped being lynched by the mass of soldiers and workmen in the Catherine Hall of the palace, for he was known as a traitor and a selfish politician who had played a sinister part in the military defeat of Russia. When the crowd recognized him their anger against him rose to fury. As always, unexpectedly, the indefatigable Kerensky emerged from the throng. "We have been fighting all our lives for the abolition of violence!" he exclaimed. "Stop! No blood!" And the mob stopped. Some of the men protested. They saw the crosses of distinction on the breast of the old Tsarist and the epaulets of a general on his shoulders, and wanted to pull them off. It was a dramatic moment, and the cry to lynch him broke out. Kerensky's strong voice rang out again. "He will do it himself. You have no right to kill. He is an unarmed enemy, and he is in our hands." He took a penknife out of his pocket and handed it to the general, who slowly and with trembling hands, cut off all the decorations that had been given him by the Tsar. Gratified, the crowd cheered. Its human heart had remained whole and clean.

In the meantime a session of the Petrograd

Council of Workmen and Soldiers was taking place in one of the adjoining rooms, and a radical leader of the first revolutionary days, afterwards a Bolshevik, Styeklov, was counselling from the platform of the Soviet, the execution of the Tsar—who was being brought to Petrograd under guard. Again he rose heroically to the situation and lifted high the banner of humanity. “No blood!” he pleaded earnestly. “We are the victors to-day and we must show to those we have conquered by the powerful will of a liberated people, that we are more human than they were; that we do not need any revenge; that we do not even want to fight people who are lost as a force once and forever.”

Kerensky carried the meeting and the Tsar was not executed. The day following, it was decreed, by the same Kerensky, the first Revolutionary Minister of Justice, that capital punishment should be abolished.

And yet these methods of Kerensky were sneezed at as “phrases! words!” His ideals and tactics came to be known, in derogatory fashion, as “Kerenschina” or “Kerenskyisms.”

The Cadet party was ready to sacrifice its political reputation, and even the country it-

self, in order to carry out the war policy adopted by our "civilized" western European Allies. With the slogans "patriotism" and "national defense" they endeavored to undermine the real revolutionary unity which existed in Russia, and to use their own methods instead. Both in their ideals and in their behavior the liberal Russian bourgeoisie were the least patriotic, the least national, and the most doctrinaire section of the Russian people. In their blindness and pedantic devotion to the Allied democracy they undermined, whenever it was possible, the Provisional Government, and they threw up every obstacle against regular development of the Russian Revolution. In the last days of June, 1917, when the offensive, which Kerensky was compelled to undertake by the Allies and by the Cadets, was making a desperate effort at the front against Germany, all the Socialist members of the government had left Petrograd. Kerensky was on the western front, at Minsk: Scobeliiev, the Minister of Labor, Lebediev, the Minister of the Navy, and I myself were at the northwestern front, at Dvinsk; the Social Democrat Tseretelli and Necrasov were in Kief, in communication with the Ukrainian

representatives. It was a moment when the national aspirations of Ukrainia had grown, and taking into consideration the military situation and the significance of Ukrainia as the next rear to the southwestern front, the Provisional Government had come to an immediate agreement with the Ukrainians. The members of the Cadet party alone remained in Petrograd. They had to assume the responsibility for the organic work of the state at that time. Petrograd was in a disturbed state. The workers were dissatisfied with the policy of the Cadet members of the government during the first months of the revolution. At the very height of this national crisis we received a secret dispatch from Petrograd that the members of the Cadet party had resigned. Their official excuse was that the moment was too serious and complicated, and they deemed it their duty to give up their places to those who wanted them.

The Socialist Minister of Agriculture, Chernov, was right when he said, "The Cadets did not resign. They deserted." The men who claimed to have a monopoly on patriotism and noble nationalism found it best to leave the governmental machine at a moment when their

services were most needed. They chose to follow the old principle—let the world perish provided an abstract, doctrinaire justice may reign.

This move practically cleared the way, for the first time, for the rule of the Soviets. The Soviet leaders of Petrograd remained in their places during this critical period and tried to coördinate their work with the advices received by wire from the different members of the government outside Petrograd, who had not deserted.

Milyukov and Chingarov were the real representatives of the doctrine of pure force in statesmanship. Without force they could not conceive the idea of community—it was the *sine qua non* of political existence. The weakness of their “strong-arm” doctrine came to light in the August days of Korniloff’s rebellion. Immediately after the receipt of the news of Korniloff’s pronunciamiento, the Cadet members of the government, Yurenov, Minister of Railroads, Oldenburg, Minister of Education, and the others resigned; their official reason being “The moment is too serious, and we deem it our duty to permit Kerensky to organize a government.” Again the Russian

bourgeois liberals tried to escape from the responsibility for maintaining the Russian Revolution.

It is interesting to compare the attitude of the Bolshevik party at that time. Kerensky was most cordially hated by all of them. The Provisional Government was to them an odious organization. Trotzky, Kameneff and Lunacharsky never lost an opportunity to castigate Kerensky at every turn. They resented his *intransigent* attitude towards the maximalist tendencies of the Bolsheviks. I remember one night in the Winter Palace, when Kerensky was alone, without friends or advisers. The Socialist members of the government were coming and going to and from conferences with their Central Committee. The deserting Cadets had altogether disappeared from the scene. Kerensky went and returned from the palace to the headquarters of the General Staff almost every few minutes. Suddenly the shriek of a siren came from the harbor. We had heard about an hour before this that the Bolshevik cruiser the *Aurora* from Kronstadt, on which it was rumored Lenin was hiding, was on its way to Petrograd. Evidently the *Aurora* had arrived, and we were

now faced by the possibility that the government would be assailed from both sides, the reaction of the Allies and the Cadets represented by Korniloff, and the Bolsheviki now arriving on the *Aurora*. I was called downstairs. Two sailors from the cruiser, serious, grave, stern, and yet nervously energetic, asked to see Kerensky.

"Perhaps I can help you, comrades. Kerensky is at the headquarters of the General Staff."

"We brought this resolution," said one of them, and he handed me a paper with the seal of the steamer committee of the cruiser *Aurora*.

I read: "Resolved to give the utmost support to Comrade Kerensky and to the Provisional Government for the definite fight against reaction and for the saving of the revolution."

I thanked them and called Minister Scobeliy, who welcomed them. Ten minutes later the guard of the Winter Palace was replaced by men from the *Aurora*. We had been through a paradoxical and dramatic experience. Prepared for an uprising we had found a radical Bolshevik crowd ready to defend to the last drop of blood Kerensky and the revo-

lution; while the "real representatives of democracy and Russian patriotism" had deserted and were at that instant conferring with the English Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, and the central committee of the Cadet Party! We learned about this conference from one of the members of the Foreign Office, at four o'clock that same morning.

Looking back now, at the great and the minute features of this first period of political struggle of the revolution, I am compelled to recognize the strange fact, that the bearers of the national flag were the most anti-national group, whereas the extreme internationalists, unconsciously perhaps, represented the real spirit of national and revolutionary unity when it was most needed. At that time I was a political enemy of the Bolsheviks, as I am now a philosophical one. I felt (as I feel now) that they were right in so far as they did not accept the formulas of the Russian bourgeoisie—the aspirations of European capitalism. The Russian bourgeoisie was the weakest class in Russia, and the least organized, but they were pursuing the methods of their well-organized European colleagues. They could not imagine a state without violence, without capital pun-

ishment, without force, without all these well-known elements of European civilization. The weakness of Kerensky's régime lay in his inability to agree with either the Cadet theory of force or with the Bolshevik extremism. He remained alone, as far as coalition with the bourgeoisie was concerned, and the other wing of the Russian Revolution, the non-Bolshevik Socialists, were too deeply impregnated with European methods to be of assistance. Our leaders, like Martoff, Tschaidze, and others, despite all their philosophic training and knowledge did not go further than their European teachers. They were real Socialists, doctrinaires, who thought in formulas, in abstractions, in principles, but not in terms of real conditions and probabilities. They held fast to the old idea of a mechanical organization of the masses. Given the masses, they thought, and certain old slogans, they would be able to lead the mass always, and to carry out their program. According to the Marxian creed they asserted that the revolution was a bourgeois revolution, a capitalistic revolution; that we were not sufficiently advanced for any other kind of a revolution; and that therefore the bourgeoisie had to continue the revo-

lution, and to control the state, and that it was our mission and province to criticize. This abstract formula led them to renounce any participation in the government or in any social experiment which differed from the old prescribed requirements for a bourgeois capitalistic revolution. They were thus called upon to face, very soon, and for the first time in Europe, a most unfortunate state of affairs. The masses, organized only for the sake of organization; the masses, brought together only for criticism and not for governmental work, soon left them. Thus the non-Bolshevik Socialists lost their authority and influence, and the people remained alone, without leadership, transformed into a crowd with only one feeling—discouragement. Looking back now at that period of the Russian Revolution it becomes clear to me that the Bolsheviks did not seize power. They accepted it. They accepted it at a time when authority no longer resided in Russia either in a government or in a leader. The revolution of October, 1917, cannot, it seems to me, be called a revolution. It was a spontaneous renewal of power through a new form of social organization.

Thus Bolshevism came, partly as the logical

result of the Russian Revolution, and partly as the outcome of importing European ideals and principles. When Bolshevism is spoken of to-day as a system it is the European element that is referred to. What does Bolshevism mean in common parlance? How is the word assayed by journalists and diplomats? Three essential characteristics seem to stand out in any popular discussion of the phenomenon. First, Bolshevism is a denial of old constitutional formulas. Second, it is a violation of old liberal rights. And third, it is the repudiation of diplomatic promises and international agreements. Of course Bolshevism, in common judgment, means many other wicked and monstrous things, but these three features dominate all others. Let us accept this characterization for the moment without inquiring how adequately it describes the government of Soviet Russia, and then let us see who are the foremost exponents of the Bolshevik system in Europe.

When the German Chancellor declared in the German Reichstag that the agreement as to the neutrality of Belgium was only a scrap of paper, was he a Bolshevik or not? When Franz Joseph Second sent the ultimatum to

Serbia and declared war in spite of the satisfaction Serbia was willing to give, was he a Bolshevik or not? When the German generals suppressed any opposition on the part of the civil population of Belgium and Von Buelow and Bissingen acted in terroristic fashion, was it not the "Bolshevist" spirit of modern Europe, which knows only the right of force and recognizes no obligations attached to right that feared them? When Russian soldiers in France, free soldiers of the Russian Revolution, wanted to celebrate their own freedom, and many of them were shot by order of the French General Staff—was that Bolshevism or not? When Russian soldiers who did not want to go to Denikin or to Kolchak to take Moscow were put on a French steamer at Marseilles and were told that they were being sent home, and afterwards, far out at sea were told that they were destined for Vladivostok, Novorosisk, and Archangel—(and these men are now working as slaves in French colonies in Africa because they resisted and protested)—was that Bolshevism or not? That was the rule imposed on Russian citizens by a foreign power, because forsooth, they dared to have ideas of their own. Was that Bolshevism?

And when, after the downfall of Kerensky, the English and French governments confiscated all the funds of the Russian embassies, was that less Bolshevik than the reported raids on the French and English embassies in Petrograd?

As far as methods and system are concerned we have to confess that the ferocious spirit of militarist Europe is in no sense different from the methods and system ascribed to Bolshevism by its most bitter opponents. The Russian radicals who came into power after the downfall of the Russo-European doctrinaires and the Russo-European hypocritical democracy, had to face a gigantic problem of state policy. Kerensky's example of naïve credulity and idealistic faith had shown that it was impossible to work and carry out any principle in Europe without concrete real force, the only difference being that Lenin, the world idealist and almost religious-theoretician of Socialism, was ready to adopt a method imposed upon him by the rest of the world. He alone was consistent. He did not attack. He was assailed. Although represented as a promoter of violence, Lenin simply followed the only course which remained for the Rus-

sian Revolution. Kerensky saw that he was undermined by the doctrine of state force. He was unable to use these elements against his enemies. Lenin understood, and bowed to the inevitable.

We need not go so far back as the Robespierre period of the French Revolution, or to the events of 1871. We have only to look about us and to analyze the state system of modern Europe, and we shall see that there is no difference in principle and in methods between parliamentary England and France or old Germany and the first period of the Bolshevik government. Modern Europe did not want to deal with the Russian Revolution. Modern Europe, through the unorganized Russian bourgeoisie, through the organized Alliance of the Entente, through the politics of orthodox Socialism, has compelled revolutionary Russia to follow the methods of a dictatorship, having overthrown the pure Russian impetus toward governing by moral authority as Kerensky naïvely hoped to do.

It was not Lenin who took the power away from the Russian government in order to possess it himself. It was modern Europe that, as a new Machiavelli, or as an old Machia-

velli in a new form, gave this power to Lenin, and that now resents and fights against his possession of it. The opposition of Europe to Soviet Russia is, in other words, nothing less than an attack upon its own most cherished principles. Europe fights against its shadow, and beholding its shadow—is afraid!

CHAPTER V

REVOLUTIONARY CONTRADICTIONS

I SHALL deal later with Bolshevism, or rather Sovietism, as an idea. Thus far I have dealt only with the methods by which it was brought to expression in thought and act in the various European countries—the French method in Petrograd, the English in Moscow. The Russian Revolution as a whole, and especially its last period, was less a consistent reaction against the general spirit of modern Europe than an involuntary adoption of the methods of modern Europe, methods based on the principle—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, which Europe has followed in a manner which Machiavelli himself could not improve. Still, it is of importance to understand clearly that the Russian Revolution was possible because the large masses of the people were not nationalistic during the war. Under war conditions nationalism could not bring about a

revolution: The necessity for a united front made any political crisis impossible. With the enemy at hand nationalist feeling develops into chauvinism. That is why the German Revolution was so different from the Russian. No genuine revolution, no renaissance of the spirit, no renewal of social aspirations, no fructification of new ideas—took place in Germany for its fiercely nationalistic tendencies had never been weakened. Only a couple of weeks before Kaiser Wilhelm left Germany, Schiedemann had become a member of his cabinet. A coalition between the bourgeoisie and the Socialists, not only in Parliament but in the administration, was completed on the very eve of the imperial downfall.

The leading political forces in Germany, in other words, were far from being moved by revolutionary ideas. Being Socialists and therefore Republicans, they could not, facing a national collapse, decide upon a revolution. The situation recalls to my mind an episode in April, 1917, in Rostov-on-Don, Russia. A number of German prisoners had arranged for a meeting of Germans in this town to congratulate the Russians on their revolution. The old Russian Social Democrat leader, I. Ramish-

viliy, later the leader of the Georgian government, addressed this meeting, and asked why the same German prisoners, when they were on the other side of the trench wires, had been willing to fight since they were such devoted friends to Russia. Why had they not, at the very beginning of the war, protested against the Kaiser? It would have been, then, a signal for a revolution against the war.

A German captain answered, amid cheers from his fellow countrymen and general laughter from the Russians: "Because we were first of all Germans."

Scheidemann, realizing at that time that his country was defeated politically, that the idea of conquest was dead, and that a real revolution would rouse the rest of the world to aggression—Scheidemann accepted a portfolio in Kaiser Wilhelm's cabinet, and, like this German captain, he was first of all a German.

I remember those days in Germany well, and I cannot resist the conviction that the Kaiser was overthrown not by the German Socialists, but by President Wilson. Every note of the Secretary of State, Lansing, declaring more and more clearly that negotiations with

the German people only would be considered, and that no treaties would be made with the personalities who were responsible for the war and who had conducted the war, was like a new blow upon the head of Scheidemann's group. It was a perplexing moment for them. A member of an imperial government, and, at the same time a member of the Social Democratic Party, Scheidemann had to choose either to support the Kaiser unconditionally, and so to lose forever the masses; or to make a last attempt to conserve the allegiance of the laboring people, for a short time at least, and to submit to President Wilson's will. The latter course meant the overthrow of Wilhelm. It was not a revolution.

I remember the first days of the armistice, after the Kaiser had fled to Holland. German armies were vacating the western front and going back to Germany. I met many soldiers and talked to them, in Frankfort, in Düsseldorf, in Cologne. I received almost the same answer to my many questions. "We are a people of order. We will maintain order. The Kaiser did not succeed, therefore he is down, but we will maintain our stability without him. We are an orderly people."

There spoke the voice of the wonderful militaristic German machine with its implacable negligence of personal aspirations. There was no sense of relief from autocracy, no hatred of the old régime. The poison had been too effective. I could not help comparing the attitude of the Russian soldiers of the first days of the Russian Revolution with the mood of the German soldiers who filled all the halls and rooms of the railroad station in Cologne that night in November of 1918. The Russian muzhiks had been proud of their red ribbons. They had sung and played the Marseillaise. They had enjoyed almost wildly their new freedom. The several thousand German soldiers in the station at Cologne were sitting on benches, lying on the floors, silent, with set faces, looking as if deeply troubled by newly mobilized thoughts. Somewhere in a corner a stupid melody was being played on a mandolin. There was no conversation. It was strange to walk among these gray-coated and gray-capped men, and feel the silence of a graveyard, rather than the silence which precedes a thunderstorm. A quiet voice, from time to time, called out some numbers and some hundreds of soldiers arose at each an-

nouncement and went quietly away to take their train homeward. It was the silence of a defeated nation. They seemed to sense that they were going to be punished, severely punished, and they knew by what means their punishment would reach them. Their old Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, had punished France in the same way, once upon a time, and the German soldiers and Scheidemann, the head of the German "revolution," all felt that their turn had come. That is why politically Germany remained almost unchanged, the spirit of national offense prevented a spiritual revolution. The Soldaten-rat (Soldiers' Council) was the only exception. The backwardness of the German Social Democracy, governed by the same official nationalism shown during the war, brought about a kind of social stagnation, so that the Germans remained, socially, during the first period after the armistice, the same nation they had been during the previous ten or fifteen years. Therefore it was possible for Liebknecht and Luxemburg to be killed while Noske and Ebert stumbled about in the shoes of Bismarck. The national feeling in Germany blinded the eyes of the Germans to such a degree that practically they employed blood

and iron, not so much to extirpate Bolshevism or Sovietism, as maintain the power of the well-organized German bourgeoisie. And the latter had the satisfaction of seeing the German Revolution suppressed not by themselves, but by the Socialists. They left the responsibility for conservatism to the old played-out leaders of the Social Democracy, and kept for themselves an unsullied political record in the post-Kaiser period. The Germany of to-day differs very little from the Germany of yesterday, or from the France and England of to-day. The old centralistic traditions remain. There is no relief from any of the old oppressors. The peace treaty only intensified and narrowed the national spirit in Germany, and closed the door to a new moral and social life. Where nationalism is the basis of a state and the people's lives, it is impossible to expect a new social and international insight. The exclusion of Germany from the league of nations was one of the greatest of the many mistakes made by the Allied powers. It has created a strong force against themselves, a hindrance to their new "democratic" order.

Almost the same conditions prevailed in Austria, where the national spirit became more

acute because of the nationalistic tendencies of their former enemies and present neighbors, the Poles, the Ukrainians, the Hungarians, and the Czecho-Slovaks. The Austrian Revolution was likewise born under the tri-colored flag of Deutsch-Oesterrich.

I remember the aged Victor Adler, on his return from a conference with Emperor Charles of Austria, being asked in one of the stalls of the Austrian Parliament, what impression that conference in Schönbrunn had left on him. He answered with a weary smile: "He is a good young fellow—but not for a throne. He probably plays a good game of billiards." And when this young "good fellow" disappeared, Austria became mechanically a republic, built on a patriotic national basis. From my place on the balcony of the Palace of Minerva, in Vienna, I heard not a word of a new social order. Dr. Renner and Herr Seitz, both Socialist leaders, hoped for unity only for the sake of the country and for the saving of the German-Austrian nation. The only sign of a revolution was in a half-humorous incident that occurred when the proclamation of the republic was read. When the President of the Provisional National As-

sembly, Dr. Dighofer, cried out: "Long live the German-Austrian Republic!" the national flag was hoisted. Someone had torn away the other two colors and left only the red, and thousands were cheering, but no one knew what kind of a republic was being cheered,—whether it was the old German-Austrian Republic or a new "Red" Republic.

I do not blame nor do I even pretend to judge the Germans and the Austrians of that time. I only wish to make plain that nationality was the most instrumental, and perhaps the only instrumental feature, of the revolution in the two countries. They overlooked the basic social adjustments that were imperatively called for by the condition of modern Europe, and therefore they were, and still are, unable to find any solutions of the problems they have to face. The critical international position of the Central Republics has been, of course, one of the main factors in keeping patriotic sentiments at fever heat. This has been a great hindrance to projects for a new social order; for, apart from the desperate character of the economic situation, there are good reasons for believing that nationalism is not an adequate basis for a country's life. Nationalism can be-

come a helpful governing factor in the development of a people only when it is rejected as the be-all and end-all of its institutions. Taken as a foundation for the structure of the state, nationalism perpetually degenerates into egotism, selfishness, and imperialism—or into passive retrogression. The Poles are the latest examples of this deteriorative tendency. Their whole political life, for many years, has been based upon the assertion of nationalism. That is why they are now the most aggressive nation in Europe. The boundary controversies that are seething in that caldron of little states which was once the Central Empires arise from similar causes. National aggressions and national assertions create a heavy fume of “patriotism” which obscures the necessity for internal reconstruction. In that atmosphere a revolution is impossible.

Out of this immense cloud of potential revolution in Europe one real revolution was precipitated—that of Bavaria. Walking in the streets of Munich, the capital of European artistic Bohemia, I felt all the time as if I were in Petrograd in the March of 1917. The enthusiasm for the new life as represented by Kurt Eisner, and the hatred for the old, was

patent in the tone and gesture of the city. The soldier at the door of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (Kurt Eisner's office), the guards at the Royal Palace, were manifestly creating their own new order. The thought struck me at that time—how different was Munich from Cracow, Prague, Vienna, or Berlin; and the difference was due to the spirit of Kurt Eisner and Professor Foerster. During the war Kurt Eisner never let slip an opportunity to express his opinion that Germany was guilty and that in many respects the Allies were in the right. It was he who was the maker of the first revolution in the German states. Bavaria overthrew King Leopold at the moment of Germany's defeat, not because Mr. Wilson wanted it done, but because the *intransigent* Kurt Eisner felt that that was the moment to win the victory of which he had long dreamed. It was the result of activity and not of a passive acquiescence—a contrast to what happened in Vienna and Berlin. Kurt Eisner's first efforts were directed to the culmination of the idea of a narrow nationalist patriotism. Since nationalism had engendered the war, it could not be a point of departure for revolution. Eisner, the leader of a revolution, inscribed its banner

with the words coöperation and solidarity. The old patriotic slogans were discarded. He dreaded a fictitious "national" unity imposed by Berlin. The relations between Munich and Berlin were far from amicable. I recall a conversation I had with Eisner in his office in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Munich, and I still see his wonderful cheery smile, his venerable gray hair, his slow mild motions, and I hear his quiet, almost tender voice. This was a different man from the Kurt Eisner of the platform. I was rather surprised to see the portrait of the Bavarian ex-king, Leopold, hanging on the wall. I looked my surprise. Eisner understood, and with his kindly smile said, "I do not mind. It is perhaps a pleasure for him to see a new Bavaria." When I asked him about Germany in general, an almost stern look came over his face. "I care not at all for Germany. As long as the Germans are guided by Berlin they do not interest me. We have to get rid of Prussia." These were the words of a man who was moved by a new spirit, who wanted a new order and not merely a new name for a slight change of the old. Just at that time Switzerland had expelled some representative of the Soviet government who wanted

to get to Moscow through Bavaria. Kurt Eisner told me this, and added, "I refused to give them passes. I do not want, directly or indirectly, to have any relation with the General Staff." He could not forgive the peace of Brest-Litovsk. Neither Lenin, who accepted the peace, nor Scheidemann, who did not protest against it, could he tolerate.

I asked him if he thought Bolshevism would be possible in Bavaria. "I rather think not," was the answer. "We are a country of peasants and not of proletarians, and even our agriculture is not fully developed. Socially I do not see any possibilities of extremism; but the political conditions may bring about a maximalism of the masses. It depends a great deal upon the Entente. Although unofficially we are on good terms with them, I have just received from Foerster (the ambassador of the new Bavaria in Switzerland) very good news concerning this matter, but the stumbling-block is Berlin."

Berlin was Eisner's *idée fixe*. He saw in imperial Berlin not merely the enemy of the Allies but the enemy of Germany itself. How little encouragement the Allies actually gave to Bavaria's attempt to break away from the

domination of Berlin is a matter of familiar history. The same international factors that had played their part in the first Russian Revolution came to the front in southern Germany, and Bavaria went through a period of Bolshevism. Bavaria, however, had not the strength which Russia derived from her fundamental resources and her isolation. Beaten between the hammer of Noske and the anvil of Clemenceau, the Bavarian Revolution was crushed out of existence. For the sake of preserving the familiar forms of bourgeois government in Germany the Allies were ready to keep the old state machine going and support the centralized domination of Berlin. They were not willing to break up the German Empire as long as that could be accomplished only by breaking up the system upon which the governments of the bourgeois western democracies are based.

From this brief play of lights and side-lights upon the various revolutions with which I have had personal contact during the last three years what conclusions can be drawn about the nature of revolution itself? What is the significance of a revolution in our times? What is its contribution to our times? What

is the relation of revolution to the normal processes of the body politic?

Plainly a revolution is not an end in itself. About the goal toward which it may move there is perhaps ground for differences of opinion. It seems to me that a revolution should not be considered as a mere shifting of political gears, for the purpose of speeding the state machine toward social or political maximalism. A revolution is essentially something much more deeply human and personal than that. It is primarily a protest against traditions, policies, and prejudices that have been accumulated in the growth of a state. It is a new effort of life to break through the stifling envelope that was created originally to protect it. A revolution cannot accordingly be made—it must spontaneously grow. It is born in the womb of the nation itself, and it makes its way violently into the light of day, under a baptism of blood. A metaphor does not carry us very far in discussing the characteristics of a revolution: for a revolution has the unique feature of attaining its highest point of creative effort at the very first outburst of destruction. A revolution without violence can have no creative power, at least during its first

period. Its value is in proportion to the thoroughness with which it is able to sweep away a clotted mass of dead theories and archaic institutions.

We can discover some measure of the task set before a European revolution if we recall the characteristics of the old order in Europe. The old order was based—as I have emphatically pointed out—upon a mechanical kind of social solidarity, upon chauvinism, upon a fanatic belief in the divine mission of the state. Society was permanently under the pressure of these conceptions. The notion of moral solidarity, a solidarity conscious of its responsibility for the structural soundness of society, was completely lacking in the old order. Society, according to the conventional way of thinking, could be held together only by force from without, never by attraction from within. The old European order did not acknowledge any responsibility except that for carrying out the plans of groups which dominated it—in many cases the plans of individual rulers and magnates. The masses were in the same relation to the state as a factory is to its owner. The owner is interested in the efficiency of his factory, and in trying to obtain a maximum

output he will usually keep his machines in good order: but if he finds it possible to increase production at the cost of the machine's life he does not hesitate to do so. If he can lower the cost of repairs and upkeep, and increase the immediate returns he may carry out a penny-wise economy which ends finally in the total collapse of his factory organization. Whether this degree of unenlightenment is characteristic of all factory owners it was beyond doubt characteristic of the rulers of modern Europe. The war came. The machines went to pieces. The organization broke down. And in that terrible moment the upholders of the old order discovered that the instruments which the state had been treating as machines were in fact conscious human beings with ideas of their own about the life they purposed to live. The revolution was, in a comprehensive sense, a release from machinery—the political machinery of the ballot, the social machinery of classes, the religious machinery of ecclesiasticism. Life unlocked the armor of machinery, and breathed freely and moved nimbly once more.

The value of a revolution can be measured by the extent of its destruction. Here lies the tragedy and the contradiction of revolution.

It is a bitter paradox. While a revolution is a protest against violence, brutal force, mechanical constriction, and human oppression, it is compelled to use violent means against the elements which made it possible. Benevolence cannot be its primary characteristic: it cannot wish the old order well, for its very nature forces it to the repulsive task of extermination. The tragic dilemma of a revolution is that it can clear the ground for its ideals only by using methods which undermine them! It is useless to deny the necessity for destruction; it is rather much more to the point to discriminate between the sort of havoc revolution brings in its wake and that which war produces. Essentially, both war and revolution work with the same instruments. There is, however, as much difference between international wars formally declared by governments and civil wars begun without declaration by peoples as there is between the knife of the murderer and the knife of the surgeon. And it is the same kind of difference. The murderer kills in the act of gratifying revenge or seizing loot. His victim dies perhaps without pain. The surgeon's knife, on the contrary, may cut with exquisite torture, but the

surgeon uses it on his patient, regardless of the shock, the loss of blood, and the discomfort, in order that he may remove a tumor and save a life.

CHAPTER VI

ADDITIONAL CONTEMPLATIONS

IT WAS towards the end of August in 1918, near to the small town of Proskurov in south-western Russia, that I saw for the first time the ravages of war. My train was on the way to the Austrian border, and all along the way, from the border almost to Cracow, I saw great holes in the fields, made by the huge shells which had been fired by the Russian and Austrian armies which had been fighting there. The fields were not long to remain peaceful: two or three months later they became the stage of the Ukrainian-Polish conflict. But as I rode by them there lay over the landscape a mournful serenity—not the peace of life, but the peace of death. I do not remember a single house along the wayside that stood intact, or that could be called a house. There were piles of bricks, with half a wall, or two walls standing about a chimney. For thousands of kilometers

wire entanglements and trenches ran across the fields like the trail of a huge murderous serpent, and among the spots of green that remained here and there were scattered these gashes in the earth. Instead of armies of men I saw armies of crosses in memory of the men who now reposed in the silence of death. Among these crosses, and among these great gashes in the earth, I noticed two old peasants, a bent old couple, gathering a scanty harvest which had grown over the graves of youth. It was a silent and eloquent symbol. Youth, the best and greatest of it, is gone, and the bent and aged and exhausted are left to reap the grain that grows upon their graves. Who is left to carry on a new life? Are the best aged shoulders strong enough to carry the heavy burdens of war and its results? Hundreds of thousands of coils of wire remained in huge piles on the field. They had not been used in the war, and were left there at the mercy of wind and weather. The products of many thousand precious hours of human labor had been transformed into smoke and fire, destroyed forever. It is impossible to recover this work of human hands. I asked myself: "Was it only those material values that were

burned and shattered and buried during this war? Is it possible that we came out of it as we went into it, without any moral or spiritual loss?"

I could not help thinking that he who has engaged himself to the work of killing, if only for a little time, must lose his reverence for human life. He must lose his consciousness of the value of seeing eyes, beating hearts, and speaking lips. Brutalization¹ is inevitable. I recalled some of the days of the Russian Revolution, and I compared the graves under this forest of crosses with the graves in the Place of Mars, in Petrograd, where the victims of the revolution are buried; compared the battle on this Galician theater of war with the fight in the streets of Petrograd, Moscow and Kief. In a battle man is always the same. He kills—if he can. That is his business; therein lies his value. The revolutionary soldiers of Kerensky were fighting under the banner "Long Live Comrade Kerensky." I saw them at the front, fighting, and they were brutes, murderers. The banner was for them only a psychological rallying point to be borne until the moment of the first shot, the first thrust of the bayonet. And the Red Guards,

whom I saw taking Kief—their atrocities and savagery which were described as devotion to an ideal, differed in no way from the acts of the Tsar's "patriotic" soldiers or the "heroic" performance of the Magyar cavalry on the Galician field.

Later in the afternoon of that same day I came to a little town in Austrian Galicia named Podvolochiska. There must have been hot fighting in and around this little village. I could not find a single undamaged house in the center of the town. The suburbs and the outskirts of the town had been entirely destroyed. Since my train to Vienna was not yet due I went for a short walk. I found on the bare walls of some houses inscriptions written with charcoal, in Russian. "The second battery, dirty Austrians." "The 21st battery kill Jews." Profane words, written there by an enemy army which had happened to occupy this little town.

How strange it was to hear a song, sung by soft childish voices, somewhere far in the distance! I walked in the direction of the voices, and as I walked slowly, in almost melancholy depression, I suddenly noticed that the pavement under my feet was of white, dark and

brown marble,—the last substance one would expect to find on a thoroughfare in a war-destroyed village. Obviously this marble had been brought here for another purpose. I noted that these paving stones bore inscriptions, and I read words in Hebrew, in Polish, in German.

A tall, pale Jew, with a black beard, approached me with curious eyes. He saw that I was a foreigner, and probably read the depression and sadness in my face, for, without waiting for me to question him, he said, "These are the gravestones from the cemetery which was there." He stretched out his hand and pointed to a distance. "It was destroyed," he added. He was silent for a moment, and then said with a strange smile, "There is no cemetery any more. Flat." I said not a word to him. I wandered further toward the young happy voices I had heard singing. I went on more gravestones, out into the open field, in the gloomy shades of the deepening twilight. There, at some distance, near the edge of a forest, was a circle of children dancing and singing. I began to walk toward them, but soon I was compelled to stop. The field was indented with small ditches of dirty water and

alive with frogs. For a while I sensed nothing but absolute silence. My ears were deaf to the sounds of the children's voices. I saw around me pieces of iron, steel, and—bones. The skeleton of a horse's head, and a pile of bones near it. I picked up one of them and stood for a moment, trying to ascertain if it had belonged to the skeleton of a horse or of a man.

The field suddenly seemed full of shadows and of ghosts. I was sure that beneath the foul water in these ditches, formerly trenches, lay the bodies of men who had fallen and were forgotten, now covered with slime and corruption.

I walked away rapidly. I felt fear coming over me. Strange that I should be afraid now, for I had not felt fear under fire, when I fought on the Dvinsk front. I had not been horrified at seeing around me hundreds of wounded and mutilated men. But here, in the silence of a deserted battlefield, I became a coward. I was afraid of a Nothing, of a figment and of the shadows of my own exhausted brain and nerves. I ran away. I did not attempt to find a lodging in the town, but hurried back over the *trottoir* of gravestones, back

to the station, where I waited alone until morning for my train for Vienna, haunted by the ghosts of war and death.

Recalling now the thousands of impressions of a similar nature, it seems to me a terrible, almost a criminal mistake to think of the events of the past few years only in terms of economics—of distribution, production, efficiency, cöoperation between labor and capital, and the rest. Humanity lost more than the equilibrium of economic relations when it mixed remnants of human bodies with steel and iron and left them to lie mingled with the bones of horses, under the dirty water of frog-infested ditches. Something more than industrial reconstruction is necessary to clear the fields from crosses and the cemeteries from shells. Suppose for a moment that we create a just, rigorously equitable, and democratic method of distribution. Suppose everyone receives his proper ration, as he deserves; suppose that capital and labor have found a new common ground, where they can deliberate, adjust grievances, face their common problems, and repair abuses of power and authority. What will all this mean to the millions of young healthy bodies, rotting now under the harvest fields or under the

waters of ditches? How can we bring back the immeasurable values which were burned on the seven thousand miles of the European war fronts? Though we work to the utmost for a whole generation, we cannot hope to replace what was destroyed here in one brief hour.

The Russians have a proverb, that "health goes out by kilograms but comes back by milligrams." Every year of the war will require ten or more years for recovery. Past wars, those of Napoleon, Blücher, Wellington, and Moltke, are as nothing by comparison with this last war. When Napoleon completely defeated his enemies in 1806 at Erfurt, he captured 325 cannon, and the number of combatants on both sides were only about forty-two thousand. A poor army indeed, in comparison with the armies of our days, when in a small attack of only "local importance," technically speaking, on July 9, 1917, at Dvinsk, were killed and wounded from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, more than eleven thousand soldiers, or more than a quarter of both belligerent armies at Erfurt. It will be impossible, therefore, to recover from this war as quickly as France recovered in 1815.

Our civilization, I have already pointed out, had demoralized all individual initiative in present-day Europe. Without protest the peoples of the world had acquiesced in the war. And in spite of the stern and incalculably significant experience of the five bloody years they are still in the thrall of the stale, one-sided formulas by which the mind of Europe had been mechanically regimented before the conflict broke out. It matters little that our attention has been called to the possibilities of reconstruction and industrial democracy. These, too, are the skeletons of formulæ, and though they have been logically articulated they cannot stir and breathe and move. As I passed over the battlefields of our friends and enemies, as I rambled through the streets of ruined cities, I felt that our plans for reconstruction remained lamentably weak and insufficient. Our industrial problems and our social difficulties could not be attacked by simple mechanical instruments. The question was not simply one of engineering. It seemed to me that our elaborate machinery could be effective only if it were coupled to some great moral "prime mover." An internal reconstruction, a new fire of passion and a new light of

intelligence, was necessary before even our meanest plans could be developed.

Let me not be misunderstood. This is a diagnosis, not an exhortation. I have no wish to preach. Nothing but a candid sociological analysis imposes upon me the conviction that, after facing so many material difficulties, we are now compelled to lift ourselves out of our spiritual bankruptcy if our civilization is not entirely to go under. We must lay down before all things a common moral foundation which will support in stable equilibrium the social structure of a renovated society. Without that foundation, it seems to me, there can be no adequate social structure—and no possibility of renovation.

I do not think my analysis has led me astray. I have sought to give full weight to the economic factors that have entered into our present situation. It seems plain to me that they have conditioned our actions but they have not determined them. The desire for bread and butter does not lead men, living in a world full of food, to kill each other; and I do not fathom, accordingly, how a transformation of our economic life, by itself, will do away with national and class conflicts,

unless at the same time our whole scheme of morality is radically altered and fresh spiritual values are introduced. I have seen revolutionary soldiers engaged in a purely military struggle and I did not see any difference between their behavior and that of non-revolutionary soldiers. There was no difference, that is to say, in their methods, and there was no difference in the way that their methods reacted upon their personality. It is as easy to become brutalized and degenerate in fighting for a good cause as in fighting for a bad one. The results are determined by the fact that one must fight.

Now our common lack of moral conviction, the reckless instability of our moral behavior, has been perhaps the most overwhelming characteristic of modern society. Our modern states, in their attempt to foster and preserve a spurious "prosperity," have depreciated all our moral values, and have used them simply as the tools of a governmental autocracy. Christianity has been used deliberately to preserve the vested privileges of the established order. The lash that drove the money-changers from the temple has been transformed into a knout to keep the "rabble" in order so

that the money-changers, in court and on the Bourse, may continue to transact their business undisturbed. Art likewise has become an instrument of political propaganda. How infamously, for example, did artists betray their mission during the war by accepting service in the state and idealizing the gross facts of the war by posters of high artistic merit that dealt with motherhood and inspired our finest altruistic instincts! Mothers sent their sons gladly to their death because the state told them, through the artists, not that they aimed to seize political rights and concessions and mineral deposits in distant lands, but that they were simply keeping the domestic hearth inviolate. In the field of ethics the same condition was notorious. Our religious guides and ethical teachers bent their minds to discovering "moral" interpretations for the various events of the war. They sanctified the heroism of the trenches, and under their influence people were exalted, and were morbidly attracted to those who disdained death. In that atmosphere it was easy to create the impression that we were participating in a great enterprise, and that humanity (though not, of course, our enemy!) was marching forward into a new world. The

result of this widespread moral prostitution has now become evident. It is hardly possible to find anywhere in the world a moral force which remained sturdily independent, a force which had not been misused and corrupted by the war. The last few ethical values we had left in 1914—too weak to oppose the tragic debacle of that year—even these few values were lost in the maelstrom of iron and blood. Without ethical values, however, society cannot remain upright—and that is why Europe is collapsing.

The indications of this moral failure, with its attendant likelihood of physical collapse, are now evident on every hand.

On even a very superficial analysis of what is now going on in Europe we can see that humanity has lost, first of all, faith. We do not believe each other any more, because we have so long lied to each other. Hence the spirit of to-day might be called the spirit of intransigent conflicts. Every group, every case, is persuaded that it is right, that it alone possesses the truth, and that therefore all that is opposed to its final principles has to be overthrown and annihilated. We are intolerant, all of us, from the extreme Right to the extreme Left. What does it mean, this in-

tolerance, translated into psychological terms? It means that we have lost one of the most powerful impulses of our human nature—the impulse toward solidarity. Neither in fact nor in theory do we any longer believe in the growing solidarization of our humanity, and accordingly we have only illusory authorities, maintained by brutal force and “emergency acts.”

Solidarity implies first of all reconciliation. It means the establishment of a common ground and the working out of common ideas. Instead of this we are witnessing among social groups and political parties only dissensions and “splits.” Those whose ideas differ slightly from the ideas and principles of their former companions, leave their parties, their groups, and find other catchwords with which to influence the masses. The present-day Socialist movement is an instructive example of this process. Never have we had so many parties and groups. Is it not strange that at a time of social revolution, when words and speeches seek only to impress one idea, the idea of a new unity and community—that at such a time we should see the birth of a new party every day? Even the International, which seemed to

be the *ultima ratio* of solidarity, no longer exists, because we have now two Internationals, one at Berne and one at Moscow, and the French and the German Independent Socialists are planning to organize still another.

Obviously we have lost ourselves among our own petty aims and ambitions, at the moment when the influence of spirit is most needed. That is possibly only at a time when the real communitary basis of society has been forgotten. We have now instead a reign of social egotism, which seems to me to be the most influential element of our time. It had grown strong enough on the eve of the war, but the war developed it and brought it up to become the powerful social factor it is. This egotism implies first of all the annihilation of moral authority. We are pursuing, in our governmental institutions, a policy of self-preservation by old means, giving to the most liberal articles of our constitutions the most reactionary interpretations. It is easy enough to explain and say that because of the abnormality and the unbalanced condition of our lives this state of things is due to what may be called "emergency" psychology, but whatever name we give to the condition, it does not change the

actual state of affairs. This "emergency" psychology means merely mob psychology, resulting from excited, sensitive nerves, which are extremely responsive to the kind of "moral" demonstration that consists in shouting the loudest. The middle classes of Europe, composed of those who lost during the war their moderate prosperity and became proletarianized, and of the small capitalists who by profiteering became moderately wealthy—this middle class wants simply order, quiet, rest. It is satisfied with the fact that the war is over and it does not want, as it did not want before the war, and does not see, as it did not see before the war, any other mode of conduct. The middle classes of France, England, and Germany are the controllers of Europe to-day, and Noske as well as Clemenceau, and Clemenceau as well as Lloyd George, are the expression of a stagnant *marais* of European society which is ready to support any kind of reactionary policy for the purpose of bringing about order—their order. The proletarian masses, tired and exhausted by the war, disappointed and discouraged by lies and deceptions, must—and it is inevitable—rely upon themselves. That is why the main feature of our social struggle

in Europe to-day is not that of a struggle for a new and different social order, but a struggle for political and social power. That is the idea behind the "dictatorship of the proletariat" in Russia. That explains the dictatorial governmental system of Noske. That is why we are being furnished with forecasts and prophecies of a "labor government" in England.

We do not think in social categories; we think in forms of governmental power. We are witnessing a kind of race for governmental power, and we are betting on who will finish first. The idea of a rule of power is psychologically and socially a conservative idea. It implies a suppression of opposing forces, and not a solidarization of them. A mass, a mob, requires a hero, and it is not necessary that the hero be a person, an individual. Occasionally the skeleton of an idea stands for the hero before the hero himself actually arrives. The hero of to-day is Power, and therein lies our weakness.

Through a long period of history we neglected all our normal impulses, and we are now paying the penalty of that neglect. So that, practically, we no longer recognize any "majority" or "minority" or "votes." If the mi-

nority is not satisfied it will go on acting alone, and to-morrow perhaps the majority of to-day will be the minority, because the masses have lost their equilibrium.

In June, 1917, Trotsky addressed a gathering of about 12,000 working men, and could scarcely make himself heard amid the hissing which greeted him. Four months later he was the god of those same working men, who were then hissing Kerensky and all the moderate Socialists. Such a quick transformation of spirit is due to the nervous and emotional instability of the masses, who have no time to ballast themselves with thought and who are incapable of analyzing conditions. The distrust, the loss of faith, the lack of moral authority, created an atmosphere of despair, which is one of the most important elements in creating an aspiration for power. In times of despair we do not reflect whether we are right or wrong, or whether it is safe to undertake one thing or another. At such times all our forces are moved by the desire for activity. Only immediate, direct action can satisfy. Accordingly we are able to distinguish in the behavior of the European masses two very definite and different kinds of mob psychology. The first is

born of the despair of the last few years, and of the desperate atmosphere created by the growing reaction of the government and of the middle classes. Out of this despair rises the revolutionary spirit, a spirit of antagonism which will admit no compromise. This leads the masses to center their efforts on getting hold of the machinery of state. Socially inevitable, and justifiable, this revolutionary spirit develops along lines of a mechanistic conception of power, rule, dictatorship and revenge. On the other hand we have, as natural by-products of the war, the French *poilu*, the English Tommy, the German *Feldgrau*. Idealized during the war, the common soldiers live in an atmosphere of war psychology even after their demobilization. They bring the militaristic spirit of the trenches back into the cities and into the homes. Their spirit of pride has been artificially fostered. They demand to be respected as heroes, saviours of the country, and they are ready to suppress their own countrymen with the same methods they lately suppressed and conquered their enemy. They have no ideas, they are possessed by the psychological, almost the zoological spirit of combat, of employing brute force against the

nearest opposing rival or enemy. I cannot resist the temptation to paraphrase a French saying, "Not to know French orthography is a disgrace; to know it is no great merit." Not to defend one's country may be a disgrace, but to serve it is no great merit. Those who are bent on using force think of nothing else. They try to represent it as the most laudable work, and seek to conceal its sanguinary realities by talk of "freedom and independence."

Incidentally I want to say that this is one of the worst results of war. Every war, even "the war to end war," is not only a concrete crime because it is a process of killing, but it is a crime in itself because it corrupts our minds, depriving us of the precious feeling for the value of human life—and the value of a human being *per se*. Nothing is now so dear as freedom—which does not exist—and nothing is now so cheap as human life, because life in itself is worth nothing now. What alone seems to have value is *my* life.

The tragedy of our days is that out of the graveyards of the war have risen so many unsolvable problems that it is become impossible for Europe to find an issue other than in revolution, which means a new and a different kind

of war. I am myself a Russian revolutionist, and I have devoted almost all my conscious activities to the revolution. So that I have, perhaps, a better right than some others to say that a revolution is the greatest of social disasters. Inevitable as a revolution may be, it is a total rearrangement of social forces—destructive and bloody. Where a rearrangement can be achieved without blood the people will be immeasurably happier. And yet revolutions must come. . . .

I remember the last few days before the overthrow of the Tsar, when the business of the city of Petrograd had almost ceased because of strikes and unrest. A number of people came to the radical leader of the Duma, Kerensky, to ask his opinion about what was happening. Nobody knew what to do, what to say to the masses, with what slogans to appeal to them.

“Does it mean a revolution?” was the question. “I believe that a revolution will come,” said Kerensky, “but not now, not yet. We have to wait a much longer time for that.”

Three days later that same man was the soul of the revolution. In spite of lack of leadership, in spite of an abysmal ignorance of the

general conditions, revolution came. A revolution, a real revolution, is without an organized army. It has just such an army as we could see in the streets of Petrograd, in 1917,—students, workers, soldiers, civilians, young girls, boys, all without any previous training, without any knowledge of *military science*. They did not even know how to kill, how to extinguish human life. War, in order to make the masses active, demands some specially invented incentive, slogans in most cases, a revolution has no need for dictated and suggested slogans. A revolution dictates and suggests its own slogan. In a regular army we must destroy any individual consciousness and initiative in the brains of the soldier; a soldier's brain must be a blank so that he shall react only to orders from above. In a revolution we are helpless unless the masses possess a certain amount of understanding of their own. The revolutionary masses have their own ideas and aspirations, and they must understand them. It is impossible, therefore, "to declare" a revolution. Only when it comes from below, when the lower strata of the social formation become active, only then can a revolution arise. A war, from the social point of view, is the result

of a controversy between two or more international ambitions. The peoples know nothing about them. The peoples are but the cannon fodder. A war, therefore, must bring about, *à priori*, a social disintegration, the basis of which is hatred and revenge.

A revolution is always a reaction against egoistic class oppression, and is a movement towards a new solidarity. Being the protest of a people it is an appeal to a new solidarity and justice. The bloody and immoral features of a revolution are not born in the ranks of the masses, but are created by those who are the cause of the revolution. In short we must recognize that a revolution can only be compared to an instinctive effort of self-defense, while a war is a premeditated and planned criminal assault.

It is certainly to be regretted that in the twentieth century our civilization and social order had not in itself a sufficient moral spirit to avoid the accumulation of social protest and revolution; that having passed through historical periods of philosophic depth and religious height, modern Europe transformed all her values into tools and instruments of possession and suppression. Our revolutions are

thus more cruel and more bloody than those of the past. The spirit of revenge and despair has too deeply imbued itself into the hearts of the peoples. A "good modern European" could, perhaps, find in the atrocities of the Russian Revolution one more excuse for disgust with the masses, and for a desire for a benevolent enlightened autocracy, but he would make a mistake—as many modern statesmen have done. Europe simply sees her own fate, but she does not understand the meaning of events because she is accustomed to think in utilitarian terms of practice and advantages. A revolution, if an ethical interpretation of it is necessary, is the most conspicuous and the most definite demonstration of self-sacrifice. A people educated in and living under a certain order, fixed in certain habits, bearing on their own shoulders the heavy burden of an historical tradition, suddenly throw away this complex inheritance and are willing to perish in order to bring about a change in the direction of progress. They do not ask, "how much will it cost?" They do not measure what the contributions will be. They simply go on and fight; and field and street and palace are to them merely the theaters that provide the stage for

the acting of their tragedy. A war is first of all a sacrifice of human beings who do not know what they are fighting for, and who do not want to lose their lives. I expect that the "good civilized European" will object very strongly to these terms, and will quote as against me, thousands of heroic deeds and the spirit of self-sacrifice and magnanimity which was so splendidly manifested during the war. When I read of these deeds and their fine spirit I was profoundly impressed by what the human spirit can achieve in battle, but later, when I learned from personal experience what a trench means, what an infantry attack and the artillery preparations for it imply, I understood that all these performances of heroism are simply demonstrations of what our human nature is capable of, and of how it can be misused. For in a trench or on a front, heroism, self-sacrifice and hatred of death are alike artificial. They are simply reactions in an atmosphere of blood and fire. These reactions are interpreted in the newspapers which are read at peaceful firesides in the smoke of a good cigar, by the readers who see no difference between the smoke of the cigar and the smoke of the field cannon.

I recall a Colonel of the Hussars, whom I met in Budapest after the revolution, apologizing to me for being my former enemy. He said that he loved the Russians, and I was rather surprised at his acquaintance with the works of Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, from which he quoted freely. "Even when I was on the Galician front and fighting against the Russians I was not their enemy," he said. "You do not understand," and I saw fiery gleams in his eyes, "what a fight means. I remember one cold snowy night, we rode on horseback to a valley near a little river. We knew that in a nearby forest were the Russian cavalry, and we stopped and waited. I will never forget the sensations we experienced. We were waiting for our enemy, and our only thought was that we were going to fight—we were going to fight. We felt that we were fighting a brutal Tsar," and he smiled, "and we felt that it was glorious to fight against him. But we were not fighting you, the Russian people."

The conversation took place in a coffee house. I hurried to pay my check and got away. I did not hate this Hussar, but I could not remain in his company. I walked past one of the most wonderful structures in the world,

the Elizabeth bridge over the Danube, and wandered for many hours among the ruined remains of an old fortress of the sixteenth century. That Magyar Hussar was a real illustration of war based upon that most inhuman institution—universal compulsory conscription—when to fight and to kill becomes an ideal.

I understood the Colonel very well. It is true that he did not think about the Russian people when he was fighting, but he did not think about the Tsar either, and he was not a hero. A human being, with a human language, he bore in his nature the instincts of a lion or a tiger. The beauty of such heroism is perhaps less than the beauty of the toreador who fights a bull. War is simply the opportunity to satisfy the instinct to kill; and our modern state, instead of getting rid of it, has simply brought it to greater perfection. That is what makes a war different from a revolution, and that is what makes a revolution a decisive answer to war.

I wish to repeat that the economic background of our lives, of wars, and of revolutions, can often become very strong and very influential motives, but our moral and spiritual

qualities also play important rôles. In spite of class consciousness, and in spite of the economic interpretation of history—or perhaps because of it—many of our European leaders failed to see the real meaning of the war, whether offensive or defensive matters little. They missed understanding our ethical background, the importance of moral elements, and the value of individual perfection. As I have pointed out, the war was not something exceptional. It only demonstrated more clearly what elements were influential in our civilization. The general cry of “lack of leadership” has to be understood and heeded. It means that the individual has been killed. It means that his impulses have been annihilated.

Undoubtedly we need a regeneration. We must revise all our social ideals and theories. We have to create not new institutions but a new social gospel. Institutions are sometimes extemporaneous things—the Soviets for instance. Institutions are the acknowledgment of facts and the expressions of them, but never are they acts of creation. Therefore no league of nations, no new parliaments, no divisions of territory, can change modern Europe. A new life and a new religion must come into Europe,

a religion which will first of all have for its keystone the value of an individual, *per se*, and a belief in society as a solidarized gathering of individuals. The day of bloody contests for power must end.

CHAPTER VII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

THE Russian Revolution and the failure of the Russian intellectual elements have precipitated new political forces with new ideals, which are known under the name of Bolshevism. It is necessary that we have a clear understanding of this term, Bolshevism, since because it is being used with many and varied meanings, often false and misleading.

On the steamer which brought me to the United States, I became acquainted with an American gentleman who was in a somewhat important political position in his country. He was just then returning from the Peace Conference and London with an accumulated mass of information and facts. He seemed eagerly interested to meet a Russian, and especially a Russian who had been connected with the first revolutionary government. We conversed together for several hours on international poli-

tics, and I confess, I found it difficult to listen to some of the silly statements he made—silly, because he was but repeating what he had read in the jingo newspapers of Paris and London. And he quoted then from a notebook in which he had carefully transcribed them. So extraordinary were those tales and fanciful facts of Russia that they could be created only by a terrified mob. To most of his “incontrovertible facts” I replied by informing him that at one time it was the general belief among Europeans, and even among a few scholars who it might be expected would know better, that big white bears walked freely and unmolested along the streets of Petrograd, the capital of this strange country, and that during the winter months railroad trains passed under tunnels of snow. I tried to show him how absurd were the general notions entertained by the rest of Europe about Russia and its people. We kept up our conversation for some hours, during which time we discussed Bolshevism both as a political factor and as a political ideal. At the end of our talk the American expressed himself as being highly pleased and then, in the very act of shaking my hand, in parting, he asked, with a bright smile, “May

I ask you, practically, what Bolshevism means?" I could not help laughing, and I answered, "You should have begun with that question. It is now somewhat too late. You have been too well informed by Paris and London."

Russian Socialists are not now what they were years ago, the Russian Social Democrats who were opposed to the slow political tactics of the orthodox Marxians of Germany, were in the majority among Russian Socialists. They split the party and seceding from the minority, or the Mensheviks, called themselves Bolsheviks, or the majority. They stood simply for a more active and more aggressive attitude against Tsarism, and coöperated mostly with the Russian Social Revolutionists who formed the Left Wing of the Russian Socialist Party. During the Russian Revolution the methods of the Bolsheviks began to be called Bolshevism, but they very soon gave up this name and called themselves Communists. To-day the word Bolshevism is used in five different senses. First, there is the popular use, which may be said to mean murder, rapine, and atrocity. Second, it is used as a synonym for Sovietism as represented by the present Russian

government; a new political institution which is sometimes explained, wrongly it seems to me, by the expression, "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Third, it stands for Communism, which is not a new political idea, but which is a combination of the final goals of the Socialist ideal with those of Anarchists and Syndicalists. Fourth, by Bolshevism is often meant a protesting spirit. Any man, dissatisfied with his country's government, who criticizes it from the point of view of so-called Progressivism, is called a Bolshevik. Fifth, it is applied to all who attempt to employ liberal ideas to better conditions of the times, and who attempt a disinterested analysis of the unhappy experiences of the war. These last are sometimes termed "Pro-Germans." There are many other meanings given to the word, as occasion or circumstances demand, but the above five are most often employed.

The most important thing, however, is to know that Bolshevism or Communism seems to be a new political theory with a new political practice. In the final analysis of Bolshevik aims we see no specifically new element. Almost all Socialists would agree with the purpose of Bolshevikic ideals. It is not here that

we find the point of divergence. That is found when we are met with the Bolshevik assertion that Europe is ripe economically for the immediate realization of the principles of Socialism. A discussion on that matter seems to me to be futile. Discussions are fruitful and proper before we begin to act. They help us then to see our way more clearly. And after we have acted discussions enable us only to find the cause for our success or failure. But at the moment when the machinery of political and social ends is set in motion discussions are a hindrance rather than a help. The knowledge possessed by the masses becomes too strong and too vital a force, the impetus of which cannot be stopped either by theorizing or hatred. It is for this reason that the Bolsheviks have put out of their consideration the question as to the readiness of Europe for the establishment of a Socialist régime. Whether Europe be ripe for Socialism or not, it is certain that it is ripe enough, or rotten enough, to need a new social order. So that the Bolsheviks, or the Russian Socialists are not now what they were at the beginning of their activities. They have had to overcome difficulties within themselves, and they have learned lessons from the two

years of governmental practice. These experiences have taught them to be less definite in their statements, so that they no longer talk of pure Socialism but of a new social order. And yet, as we see it, this cannot be considered as the main cause for the desperate struggle that is now taking place between the old Europe and the new Russia. The cause lies deeper, in the new philosophy of Bolshevism itself. I say new philosophy because it is not only new to the world outside Russia, but it is new to the Communist leaders of Russia themselves. It is the spontaneous generation in an atmosphere of revolution thought and struggle.

The theorists of Russian Communism imparted two new elements, that of a permanent revolution and that of the social order. At the time of the split in the Russian Social Democratic Party to which I have referred, the Socialist struggle was very far from being Bolshevik. The Bolsheviks were between the two revolutionary groups, the Right Wing Socialists, or Mensheviks, and the Left Wing radical revolutionists who employed terror as a means for the overthrow of aristocracy. The Bolsheviks rejected the use of the terror method. As pure Marxists they placed little value on the

individual in the social evolution, and they cared less as to whether one reactionary more was killed by terroristic groups. When, in 1917, Lenin arrived in Russia, he entertained the idea of a united Socialist party, with no division between right and left wings, or Menshevists and Revolutionaries. And it is a matter of grave doubt if he had, at any time, any conception of Sovietism. If he had he kept it very secret. He may have thought of it after beholding the despair and distrust within the mass of Russian revolutionaries; but that also is to be doubted. Under Kerensky, however, the idea of a constituent assembly, the rejection of terror, the emergency laws, the abolition of capital punishment, the doctrine of pacifism were the main planks in the Bolshevik platform, and the main causes for the success and victory of the Bolsheviks.

It was only shortly before Kerensky's downfall that Lunacharsky and a few minor leaders of the Bolshevik party began to talk of a permanent revolution. It was when the Constituent Assembly had failed to vote for an immediate peace that Lenin gave expression to the idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat, through the dictatorial Soviets. He had

probably thought previously that a mixed representation of all the economic classes (Constituent Assembly) could exist as a regulating body, provided the political and social combatants and the officials of the Soviets were given constitutional rights. But the Constituent Assembly rejected the Soviets, and Lenin dissolved it. It was after this dissolution that the Soviets were established as a new form of a new state, and it then became evident what was in the minds of the leaders of this new revolution.

As I understand the doctrine of Sovietism, if it can be called a doctrine, it holds two fundamental ideas. First, the employment of the tactics and methods of the *Real-politik* of modern Europe; and, second, engaging in revolution for the abolition of old systems and the destruction of old people, but in revolution as a permanent state of things. By this means, through many changes and a long time, the right end could be attained.

Real-politik, as has been amply illustrated in the events of the last few years, is putting into practice the maxims practiced by Machiavelli in his "The Prince" and so subtly employed by politicians and statesmen since the

time of the French Revolution. To think of realizing good, happiness and justice by means of ruthless force consistently applied is, to my mind, a most unhappy way of bringing about the world's welfare. As I have already said, to lay more importance on the state than on society, to emphasize political force over political coöperation, to aim at utilitarianism instead of justice, must inevitably produce such a collapse as we have just witnessed in the world—a political, social and moral collapse. And, finally, it is impossible, by these means, to develop a new life.

The questions arise, naturally, are the Bolsheviks guilty in using these old methods, or is the trouble in the conditions in which they find themselves? But these questions are at bottom merely matters for political speculation. I am interested in putting them merely as a theorist of political practice. Many ardent advocates for these methods may even cite Christ as an example, since He whipped the money-changers out of the Temple in Jerusalem. But if acts of this nature had been habitual with Christ, we should, probably, know Him to-day as a political agitator or, at best, as a Jewish political thinker anxious for the welfare of

the Jewish state at a time when it was sinking morally and socially under the yoke of Roman rule. The light that has come to us through two thousand years is not from the Temple but from Calvary.

It may be argued, by way of objection to my statements, that violence is inevitable on certain occasions and I will agree that it may be necessary at certain moments. But it never can be necessary over periods, for that would mean not the establishment of a social system, but continual reactions making such an establishment impossible. The difference between the violence of revolution and the violence which a revolution overthrows is that the old violence is a system, while the new is a spontaneous and momentary reaction. There would be no difference if the new violence lost its character as a spontaneous and immediately necessary act. It may also be argued that history demonstrates the success of the continuous use of old methods and that progress is achieved by their means. To that I can only answer in the words of Hegel, who, when his students told him that facts did not quite fit in with his theories, said: "So much the worse for the facts." Still, it would be possible to defeat

this revolutionary Machiavellianism so well known to us since the sixteenth century, if the other element of the Communist doctrine were not involved, namely, that of a permanent revolution. The idea of a permanent revolution is very little known outside Russia, and in Russia itself it was temporarily discarded because of international complications and foreign intervention which militarized the nation.

So much for philosophic Bolshevism and Communism as a political and social method. It is well known that the Bolsheviks at first were not in the majority either in the Soviets or in their unions. They had to invent some means by which they could obtain a majority. To this end Trotsky and his followers promulgated a new fundamental principle. Asserting that the old principle of electing parliamentary representatives for a definite term was defunct, they laid it down that elections should take place whenever and as often as the mind of the people changed. Every district, every social unit, and every organization may recall at will their representative and elect and send a new representation. This principle made it possible for them to bring about by-elections in many parts of Russia as soon as the people

there had become sufficiently Bolsheviked. I can see no special objection to this principle, but at the time it was put into practice it was highly indicative of the main character of Bolshevist idea and methods. The Bolsheviks have an almost religious, almost frantic faith in the masses as such. Dynamic masses are their ideal. But they overlooked, and still overlook the fact that the masses, even the self-conscious masses, are often transformed into mobs, and the dynamic power of a mob may scarcely be reasoned with.

I have not invented the terminology, although I confess it sounds very disturbing. It is so liable to misuse by the able opponents of social progress. But the terminology seems to me to express clearly and accurately the conditions as they exist. It was invented by one of the fathers of Russian Socialism, M. K. Mikhailovsky, to whom we are indebted for the ablest exposition of the philosophy of revolutionary Socialism. He is an exponent of the biological theory of social development. "When I ask," he said, "how I am to transform a mob into a society, biology answers me by tracing the development of the herd into a mob." "I cannot call them people," he once

said, "the mob which will rush into my room and tear down the portrait of Belinsky (the famous Russian writer) and break the bust of Necrassof" (the Russian radical poet).

The fallacy in the Bolshevist reasoning lies in including people as well as mob in the term "masses." The blind faith in the "masses" is a silent but potent indication that they accept the crowd and the crowd psychology as the most justifiable factors in social life. Such an acceptance implies the further acceptance of two very dangerous factors. The first is that revolution is a blow, a moment of spontaneous destruction. Immediately following this blow there arises the necessity for stabilizing the social forces, for a constructive life. Now it is very difficult to know when the elements of construction begin under such conditions. They certainly were not present on the downfall of the Tsar and the establishment of a political democracy, for then the real destructive work began. I take it that the work of construction must begin, not when we have reached a point beyond which we may not go, but when we have completely changed the social element. As soon as the old codes, as a system, are done with we must give up destroy-

ing and turn to constructing. For this purpose we must gather all our intellectual forces, relying on the masses to help us, but not being guided by them. So that when a revolution puts power into the hands of a group or a class, even dictatorial power, we must immediately begin to solidarize the social forces. The Communist theory omits the necessity for this solidarization, and, therefore, admits of no compromise or coöperation. It creates fundamental principles of a rule by a minority. Government by a minority is dangerous, not because it is opposed to the traditional idea of democracy and the traditional worship of the majority, but because such government necessitates the employment of continuous violent methods and maintaining continuously, in the minds of the masses, a consciousness of danger and the necessity for destruction. And that is the second dangerous factor. Under such a condition the masses are permanently mobs, able only to hate, to fight and to destroy.

Every revolution is an extraordinary means of education. A people that has accomplished the overthrow of the older experiences a sense of great relief. They realize that they have broken the shackle which bound them and a

communal, brotherly enthusiasm takes possession both of the masses and the crowds. I remember well the strange kindness and tenderness evinced by the people of Petrograd during the first weeks of the revolution, and especially after the Tsar was arrested. I saw not a sign of animosity or distrust. All were eager to show affection and faith in each other, to help each other, to coöperate for the common weal. I can never forget the young Russian student, a girl of about nineteen years of age. She was engaged in work for the Petrograd Council of Workmen and Soldiers and in distributing bread and soup to the people who crowded the palace of Taurida for days and nights. I saw her one day looking with a happy smile at a soldier, who had fallen asleep while standing on guard in the palace. I greeted her. "Is it not true, comrade," she asked me, "that it is worth while to die now? People are happy and free. Oh, I envy those who have fallen!"

A revolution is a marvelous education so long as it remains as an act, an effort; but unless it is permanently inspired by the spirit of progress, it will breed permanent hatred. Devoted as I was to the Russian Revolution, I could not but feel, when I saw the Russian sol-

diers and workmen who had not yet become organized into a regular Red army, taking the city of Kief in January, 1918, that a very tender and beautiful tie had been broken between me and the masses. These soldiers and workmen were not thinking of the revolution. They were moved only by a passion for victory. They were not looking for comrades or friends; they saw only enemies and sought only for revenge. They were filled with the lust to kill. It was the spirit of war rampant among them, the spirit that always is the same and that is always abominable. This occurred during the dark period of the revolution, the period of Bolshevist terror. I do not think that the leaders alone are to be blamed for this. Many different factors brought us to the state of despair, but I do think that the new Bolshevist doctrines combined with the old methods were largely responsible. That period has apparently passed—I hope forever. The Bolsheviks have realized their dreadful blunder.

The iron logic of history demands at times an iron and bloody sacrifice, and in the day when the Bolsheviks came into power, and when other political parties without armies and

without masses and adherents began their mistaken fight against Lenin and Trotzky, on that day it was too late to prevent the terrible experiences through which Russia has had to pass during the last three years. The iron logic of history brought no new visions to the minds of the old theorist dialecticians, and, obedient to traditional doctrines, they were as unable to see the way for reconciliation as was the government of Lenin and Trotzky to get rid of the system of blood and iron. But there was a time when it would not have been too late; but then the Bolshevist leaders were wanting in comprehension, as were their political opponents who had lost their political status.

Shortly after Korniloff's futile attempt at rebellion in September, 1917, many of the moderate Socialists began to see clearly that there could be no happy issue by coöperating with the insincere and hesitating and unorganized doctrinaire Russian bourgeoisie. Men like B. Bogdanoff, the first secretary of the First Petrograd Council, who was utterly pro-war and pro-Ally, changed their minds and insisted on the formation of a Socialist government without representatives from the bourgeoisie. The well-known follower of Plehkanoff, N. Zshor-

denia, also a pro-war and pro-Ally man, a Socialist of the most moderate revisionist branch, took a decisive stand against any coalition with the bourgeoisie, and advocated a uniform Socialist government without Bolshevik representatives. Kerensky found himself between two fires. He, probably, realized that his romantic aspiration for national unity was very far from becoming realized. I remember his desperate remark, one day in September, "I do not care who assumes power, Milyukoff or Lenin, provided . . ." But he did not complete the sentence. He saw that Russia was collapsing politically and economically. He knew better than did anyone else in Russia that the Allies would never come to their aid, and he feared a reaction and the restoration of the Tsar which would assuredly take place with a victorious Germany. And at that time Germany was very powerful. At a secret conference of the Provisional Government, Tereschenko, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, reported that the Allied armies would be ready for a decisive attack in June, 1918. It was, therefore, evident to Kerensky, that he would have to wait for another year, and something had to be done at once for consolidating the

national forces, and he would then be ready to rely on the Left were the Right to betray the nation.

But just at this juncture the real nature and purpose of the Bolshevik leaders became clear. They saw nothing but the acquisition of power. It was, I must repeat, the result or the reflection of the general mind of the masses in whom they believed blindly, for in their despair they had but one thought—to gain power.

In September, 1917, Skobieff, the Minister of Labor, related to me a conversation he had had with Trotzky, his old teacher, when he met for the first time after many years as a political opponent. During his conversation Skobieff proposed, not quite officially, that a Socialist government should be established from which the bourgeoisie were to be excluded, and which should be responsible to the Soviets until the Constituent Assembly convened. What portfolios, he asked Trótzky, would the Bolsheviks like to dispose of? "None," answered Trotzky. "Why?" "You will have to establish the Socialist Government from among your own parties." "Will you support us then?" asked Skobieff. "We shall see," was the reply. "What will be your atti-

tude in the meantime?" "We will watch and criticize you."

It was found impossible either for the Social Revolutionists party, which existed only in name, or the Mensheviki to organize a government. They were placed between the terrible fires of the Russian bourgeoisie in alliance with the Franco-English imperialism on the one hand, and on the other, with the desperate masses, tired of war, famishing with hunger, disorganized economically and without political stability. The great blunder of the Bolsheviks was identifying exceptional governmental power with the social cause. It was this blunder which led inevitably to bloody and terrible consequences.

I cannot help speculating as to what would have happened had these parties come to an agreement at that time. In the first place, we should probably have had another Brest-Litovsk. I mean a Brest-Litovsk for which Russia would never have been blamed by the Allies and Russia would not then have been accused of being a traitor, and the Allies would not have had the powerful slogan for their propaganda. Russia's aspiration for freedom would have been made clear before the world

as a genuine natural desire, and no one would have said, as many did say, that a small group, representing the will of the minority, had "betrayed the Allied democracies" by making peace with Germany. As it is the Allied nations have most skilfully used Lenin's international policy, not only against Bolshevism, but against the Russian nation itself.

I am inclined to believe that given the harmony between the parties, before a Brest-Litovsk treaty could or would have been signed, the Allied governments would have come to an agreement with Russia in 1917, when it was not evident that Germany would be defeated and when they still feared her. The definite and energetic democratic international program as formulated by Russia would have had more influence than the written and spoken but unaccomplished program of President Wilson or even the armies and airplanes on the Western front.

Had President Wilson been supported by a united Socialist Russia sitting at the same table, I cannot imagine him failing at Versailles. Not one of the Allies would then have been in a position to accuse Russia of being a traitor or seeking only her own advantages.

In France and in England the masses would inevitably have been with Russia, and the American delegates eventually would have sided with her. Then, perhaps, neither Clemenceau nor Lloyd George would have had the backing of his country.

Of course, all this is mere speculation. History, and especially history of a revolutionary age, has its own logic and will. At such times people are thinking only their own thoughts and are guided by principles developed over a long period of years. These thoughts and principles they are unable to set aside at once, more particularly in a time of such stress as a revolution. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that few could see clearly at that time. The Cadets wanted power and could not get it, but they refused to give up their old principles. The moderate Socialists did not want power but were unable to get rid of it, and again because of their devotion to scholastic principles. The natural outcome of this state of things was the Bolsheviki, as they came, as they stood, and as they remain to-day. Without Russia the victories of the Allies became conquests. Without Russia, President Wilson's pronouncement that the war was to be a war of neither victory

nor defeat, remained but words. As it is, the world is suffering under the dancing heels of the victors, and is listening to the cries of the suffering defeated. Without Russia as a true revolutionary preacher of sincere democratic ideals, victory has succeeded only in frightening the blind mind of public opinion and in arresting the revolutionary spirit on all sides. This victorious war, therefore, like every other victorious war, has brought political and social reaction, and Bolshevism is but a factor increasing the intensity of the reaction. The reaction is, as always, blind and suffers from the bias of state prestige and state power; but had the Russian leaders adopted a coöperating policy among themselves, this reactionary debauch in which victorious Europe is now indulging would have been far less acute and desperate.

I am not asserting that the policy of the Bolsheviks as a governmental group was either right or wrong, nor do I impugn their international tactics. When I speak of the Bolsheviks or Bolshevism I have in mind always a political party embodying the philosophy of power, with its aspiration for power and its fallacy in believing that any program can be

put into effect, by controlling the governmental machine. It is this Bolshevism with its extremism which was the main cause of the many difficulties within the Russian political parties and the source of complications. But from the day the Bolsheviks came into power and Bolshevism ceased to be a mere aspiration and became an influence and not a speculation, from that day there was no possibility to stop the further development of Russian events.

Despite its many theoretic and psychological defects, it may still be said that the historical value of Bolshevism lies in the fact that it has demonstrated clearly the fact that the political democracy of which modern Europe is so proud does in no sense include a social democracy. It has brought to light also the further fact that the upheaval and eruption of these late years were the consequences of the reactionary background of the last years of the nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries. These consequences had to come no matter at what cost; and Lenin, the real spirit of the Russia of the last two years, brought them to a head.

The future historian may, perhaps, see more clearly and appreciate more fully the genius of

Lenin, for it required a genius to inspire an impetus out of Europe's corruption. We, to-day, are not placed, have not the right historical perspective. It is impossible to apply the doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and still maintain the final supreme ideal of justice. To do this one must be a Lenin—and there is but one Lenin.

But the masses are not Lenins, they have not had his profound and remarkable revolutionary experience. And these masses, who have been raised on the eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth justice, have to be taken into account. The instincts born of this doctrine become stronger and not weaker with them.

We must not forget also that the Bolsheviki, because of the general conditions, were compelled to introduce both military and industrial compulsory conscription, and militarism of any kind must poison the minds of the people. Militarism may be necessary, but it can never be good. Our civilization has accustomed us to think in terms of constraint, violence and revenge. It is a matter for profound regret that new reformers and leaders cannot rise above these old instincts and guide us in the spirit of a humanitarian civilization.

CHAPTER VIII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS—CONTINUED

AFTER the fall of the Tsar I heard and read so many expressions of sympathy for the Russian people and of hatred for Tsardom, both from Europeans and Americans, that I got the impression that the world really did know not only what Tsardom meant but how it had dealt with us Russians. But when I crossed the Russian frontier I was, to put it mildly, not a little surprised at the misunderstanding and even ignorance which I found.

Much of this understanding I lay to the war, in the violent heat of which people of Europe became once more acquainted with things and ideas which are absolutely incompatible with even the most moderate principles of political democracy. People became accustomed and accepted without protest, the censorship, state control, a restricted individual freedom, a blind obedience to the supreme will of those who led

in the cause of "democratic justice and liberty."

This restriction of their political freedom caused them to forget their democratic freedom and prevented them from understanding what Tsardom meant for us who had been, for centuries, under the iron heel of censorship, prisons, police jurisdiction, and the many tyrannies of Tsarist officialdom. Our love of freedom and our hatred of any political oppression, were, therefore, chiefly interpreted not for what it truly meant, but for Bolshevism. This new word with an old meaning is used and misused now to characterize the most noble and the most criminal; the most idealistic and the most egoistic. All are alike thrown together in one heap and labeled Bolshevik. A species of fear psychosis seems to affect the minds of the public. Many a time, since I left my country and began to take part in the political and social life of the rest of the world, have I been reminded of those dark days of Tsarism when not only freedom of speech and political opinions were under the control of the Tsar's policemen, but even one's aspirations and dreams were shifted. The state of things I found reminded me of the time when the

famous writer, Gogol, wrote his wonderful satirical novel, "Dead Souls," the book in which he holds up to scorn the lazy, ignorant, stupid and egoistic serf owners of his time. The censors forbade its publication and gave as a reason for their action the following: "Christ said that the human soul is immortal, therefore a soul can never be dead, and therefore this book is heretical."

These same censors—and many of them still survive to-day—would erase from Russian books such phrases as "bare truth." Truth in the Russian language is feminine, and the censors asserted that the expression "bare truth" was indecent. This spirit of the old Russian censor is alive now in the twentieth century. After a war of liberation it is still rampant not only among government officials and in the military headquarters, but in every home and in every street. Let us emphasize ever so slightly the meaning of the word "Liberty," and we are immediately called a "Bolshevik" or a "Red." This is the attitude which liberal and radical thinkers describe as "political reaction." By the conservatives it is accepted as the expression of "the noble spirit of real citizenship against anarchy." As a matter of fact

it is neither the one nor the other. It is simply the after-effect of war, the terrible result of five years of submission without criticism, without light, and what is worse, without love. For five years we have been steadily repeating the words "Militarism," "Imperialism," "Prussianism," and "Atrocities," and as a consequence, we cannot get rid of the hatred that has been engendered and fostered thereby, and we are still feeling the complacent self-satisfaction which we enjoyed during that period. The human mind, so worked upon, must have another object or another subject on which to exercise its own unthinking, submissive and reactionary spirit. And it needs nothing definite or positive; words, phrases, slogans will do. Anything that is not in perfect agreement with preconceived ideas and the existing order, everything that expresses dissatisfaction with stagnation and retrogression in "Bolshevism," "Red," "Labor," "Democracy," "Industrial Reconstruction," these are now fearful words, and are anathematized as "Bolshevism." We forget that things have changed in the world during the last few years. Even so conservative a man as the President of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, whose

ideas are as far from Bolshevism as are Clemenceau's from international justice, stated before the Senate Committee which investigated the steel strike, that democracy now means something more than it meant formerly; that democracy and justice have taken on new meanings since the war. And there are people who still think they mean less.

Even Samuel Gompers is conscious of the increase in the intensity of meaning which invariably attends the decrease of the reality, and the reality differs now very little from the state of affairs which once existed in Russia, when an individual felt himself always surrounded by authority and autocratic powers, by a selfish state with its open and secret spies and by selfish statesmen; a condition which resulted in a perpetual moral depression. During these times the Russians employed an old saying, that a human being consisted of a soul, a body, a passport, and a collar, the latter serving as a handgrip for the policeman. The political anatomy of a human being is the same to-day as it was then.

But branding a man with a label affected neither the soul nor the reasoning power of the man so branded. It merely testified to the

stupidity of the individual who did the branding, the individual who was incapable of receiving criticism. It is pathetic to realize that after years of blood spilling, we should have lost the power to think critically, and are only able to think in labels. Many values and many ideals are smothered and often lost to the world by this method, even though we elevate the high position by calling it "public opinion." It was this kind of public opinion that burned Lester Ward's "Dynamic Society," when it confused the word dynamic with dynamite.

The famous Russian sociologist and political thinker, M. Kovalevski, had a similar experience on his return to Russia from abroad. When he arrived at the frontier the Tsar's customs officer asked him: "Have you any books on sociology? You know in Russia . . . sociology . . ."

Such ignorance may be excused in the man in the street, but when it is part of the political system it is stark reaction, a reaction that is the outcome of a debased egotism and of individual autocracy in every phase of our social life. It goes without saying that such a state of the social mind, educated, maintained, and developed by our modern state

policy cannot make for fertility and growth, and it can never be a foundation for new social constructive achievements. Such a state inevitably calls for fundamental changes, which may be called Bolshevism, although they may have nothing in common with Bolshevism, and unless the changes are made it will bring about Bolshevism in its most acute and destructive form, as happened in Russia. Nobody in old Russia, none of the old groups, was willing to assent to an energetic reconstruction of the new Russia. In the ascendant were the selfish and self-satisfied advocates of every state form of political and social doctrine. Any criticism or doubt of them was construed in terms of heresy. Such a condition could not be a point of departure toward creative construction. Reactionary individuals and groups of this kind could not continue in their activities when a group more energetic, more audacious, and less scrupulous in their adherence to old traditions came into power. And these were the Bolsheviki, or rather, such individuals as Lenin and Trotzky. Whether we like or dislike the fact, we cannot help acknowledging that these survived only because of their real, abiding and consistent revolutionism. At

a time when all the remaining social groups had proved themselves weak and inadequate, no place was left on the historical stage for any other type of creed and character. By an ironic fatality of history, the most destructive and the most *intransigent* elements became the most creative and the most stable of social forces for Russia. Those who fear Bolshevism, who disagree with it in principle and who hate it in practice, must take into consideration the terrible experiences of Russia and the fatal lesson imparted by the Russian anti-Bolshevist forces.

It seems to me that we are living now in a time when no false reservations should be maintained. Things must be called by their right names and facts must be faced as we find them. If we wish to escape Bolshevism, or rather if we wish to fight it, we must first of all fight ourselves; because Bolshevism is a demonstration by violent and suppressive methods of what we were unable to do in the spirit of coöperation and social unity, and of what others were compelled to do after their own fashion because we were weak and short-sighted. The existence of Bolshevism is not dangerous in itself, and does not threaten by its

own innate vigor. It is dangerous because it is a symptom of our own morbid spiritual weakness. It is a warning of our approaching death. That is what I felt shortly before I left Russia, and what I felt more intensely when I traveled through Europe. As the development of events in Russia have shown, my case is not an exceptional one.

Public opinion in Europe has now something to learn from the lessons of the Russian anti-Bolshevist shortsightedness. I remember two episodes during the Bolshevik revolution. In the halls of the Winter Palace a depressing silence reigned. The place was empty of either people or sentinels. Only a few loud voices could be heard at the farther end of one of the corridors. Two American newspaper men had just come in and brought the news that the telephone exchange in the telegraph building was now in the hands of the Bolsheviks. In one of the small rooms in a corner of the second floor was gathered a group of five or six men, prominent Socialist leaders, morally defeated, who were awaiting their physical downfall. Zinzinov, a member of the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionists and later a Minister in the Ufa government, expelled from

Russia by Kolchak, took up the receiver and called up the Central Committee of his party. "Hello! Yes? That is all right." He spoke in a quiet, reassuring tone. "They (the Bolsheviks) seem played out. They have already lost their heads. Smolny (the headquarters of the Soviets in Petrograd) has lost its ground. I think that in the next few hours it will be all right. Yes, surely, I will call up."

An hour later the Winter Palace fell into the hands of the people who acted under the direction of this same Smolny.

Two days later Petrograd, dark and suffering, was dripping from a continuous downpour of rain. The booming of guns in the suburbs, the continuous rattle of machine guns, which worked with the incessant precision of sewing machines, filled the air. In the little dirty headquarters of the Central Executive Committee of Peasants stood a crowd of people who had either come to fight or who had gathered there because they had nowhere else to go. In one corner a steady clack of conversation issued from a committee which was called "The Committee of Salvation." From time to time, a figure with red, sleepless eyes and a bleak, determined face would emerge from the

small, dark corridor which led to this room, run through the main hall, and then scurry back again to this secret chamber of weakness and despair. The former Minister of Labor, Skobielev, like the others, darted frequently in and out. I stopped him. He smiled at me strangely, and I asked him what was the matter. He was in a hurry, for they were all hurrying in those days. "It is all right," he answered, in a brave gay tone. "I thought that they (the Bolsheviki) would maintain their hold six or seven days. I did not expect them to lose it in six or seven hours. The end is in sight."

It is now about three years since I listened to this brief and hopeful prophecy, and the six or seven hours still last. That is the best demonstration of the shortsightedness which is so sure that it sees all, and of the weakness which considers itself able to fight any force and to defeat any enemy.

The other episode I recall brings up to my mind what strikes me as the most tragic expression I ever heard from the lips of an anti-Bolshevist leader in the course of the whole Bolshevik revolution. On one of those miserable days of bloodshed when certain Russian groups, led

by Allied officers, were conducting a fratricidal struggle in the streets of Petrograd, I asked N. D. Avksentieff (former Minister of the Interior under Kerensky), "What will happen? What are they able to do?" "What," answered Avksentieff, and his brows came together, "what *can* happen when I am the strongest among them?"

Somewhat too late he understood the value of his sarcastic tribute to himself! Yet he was one of the prominent leaders of the largest party of the Russian Revolution. Because they were so numerous, because they were the majority, they believed that they could be *intransigent* doctrinaires; that their devotion to neat formulas and to precise principles sufficiently guaranteed the stability of their social order. They believed that their numbers alone would keep them secure. History has shown that they were mistaken—fatally mistaken.

The first day after the taking of the Winter Palace, I happened to be in the Smolny Institute, at that time the headquarters of Trotzky. Lenin had already returned to Petrograd from his exile. His arrival at six in the morning had been kept secret from the people, be-

cause, although Kerensky's government had been overthrown conditions appeared so uncertain that it was not considered safe for him to appear before the people until noon. Trotsky showed himself at one of the doorways and looked about, veiling his nervousness with a seeming air of confidence. A man approached and very soon a group of about thirty people gathered about him. "Have you a Minister of War?" asked the man. "Yes," was the answer, and the characteristic Trotsky smile broke through the dark cloud of his mustache and beard. "Who is he?" "Verhofsky," (Minister of War under Kerensky). "But will he accept?" was the amazed question. The smile disappeared, and a glint of cruelty shone in Trotsky's eyes. "Of course he will," was his answer, and he gripped his revolver in a tightly clenched hand.

At the time this scene occurred my thoughts were still in a confused state. The idealism of Kerensky, the vague hopes for a Western European democracy, which seemed to me then much less hopeless than it appeared after I had come face to face with it on the other side of my country's frontier, the faith that even our contemporary European heart was not ab-

solutely without feeling, the dread of the German Kaiser, the eloquent formal pledges of London and Paris, all these thoughts borne by my mind in the noisy atmosphere of machine guns, made me hate this face of Trotzky. I questioned his assurance, because I did not see at that time anything but the violence of it, the cruelty of conquering power. Later I understood that it was not Trotzky and not his gun and not his smile which were important. What was important was the iron will of the historical Nemesis. If people are denied the sunlight of common love they will get what they can by way of substitute from the heat of violence. They will not at any rate be content with the empty lamp of formal idealism. The inspiration of violence will take the place that love would occupy in a solidarized society.

That is what happened in Russia. And that is why, little by little, right down to our own days, all the weak, idealistic and futile social elements came back, either openly or in disguise to those who had overpowered them for the "six or seven hours" which have lasted so long.

Under the banner of patriotism many are di-

rectly or indirectly supporting the Russian Soviet Government in its fight against the aggressive foreign intervention. Under the banner of revolution many have ceased their struggle against the Bolsheviki and have doubled their fight against reaction. But it means a surrender. Many of the old groups and parties cannot allow themselves, because of a sense of *noblesse oblige*, to go ahead sincerely and to coöperate openly and frankly; but the effect remains the same.

The Russian Revolution acquired significance not because the Tsar was overthrown, nor even primarily because of the tremendous social experiment that was undertaken, but chiefly because it demonstrated two things. It exhibited, in the first place, the abilities and disabilities of the modern European intellectuals, with their hesitant philosophizing about life, and their failure to breathe life into their philosophy. And in the second place the revolution showed how helpless and miserably self-destructive is the state which puts its trust into the formulæ of a majority to carry out the supremely valuable ideas of individual reconstruction, and which thereby seeks to transform the free human being, with a free will, a

free soul, and a free mind, into a thing composed of a soul, a body, a passport, and a collar.

All these elements were unable to accomplish any progressive or constructive work, so that the abler came to impose their will, and it is very doubtful whether Lenin and Trotzky and the Bolsheviki are guilty in themselves of their methods and instrumentalities. It seems to me that the root of the question lies elsewhere, that it may be traced to the idea that political democracy is an *ultima ratio*, and to the fact that with all its doctrines and theories and conservative traditions, the modern state and modern society did not create any other alternative to the old methods of force, violence, and constraint, which are common alike to the Bolsheviki and to their opponents. Lenin did not fail to apply the tactics of the old strategy, because the old order did not teach anything else. It is proper to question whether he is right from the point of view of ultimate morals and ethics, and, frankly speaking, that question is a difficult one to answer. It may seem that he is not more, and therefore not less, right than were those who by means of centralized militaristic organization

aimed to crush the centralized Prussian militarism.

But still there is a difference, and it lies not in the field of social ethics but in the field of psychology. A race, a country, or a nation fighting another race or country or nation becomes inevitably self-conscious and egoistic as to its own values, and in place of the recently destroyed militaristic ambition of the vanquished enemy we have the new ambition of the victor. Instead of Hindenburg we have Foch, and instead of oppressed Galicia and Posen we have an oppressed Egypt and banks of the Rhine. But in a revolutionary struggle there is no place for imperialism because a people in revolution fight first of all against themselves. That is the tragedy of it. The armies in a revolution do not speak different languages, nor do they wear different uniforms, unless they are provided by foreign interference. They are not proud of themselves. They are destroying their own resources, the best representatives of their own nation, their own culture. That, to a great extent, makes a difference between the use made by Lenin and Trotsky of the old methods, from the use made of them by Hindenburg, Foch, and the rest, al-

though in form the methods cannot be distinguished at all.

There is one thing more to note about the Russian Revolution. Since the French Revolution we have been accustomed to compare all new popular movements and struggles with the experience of France from '69 to '93. And we may feel rather skeptical about the outcome of Leninism in Russia if we have in mind Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, and the policy which brought in Napoleon the First. But Napoleon the First was the result not of the French Revolution, but of the Foreign Intervention of Great Britain and Prussia. Again, the French Revolution was only a transition from feudal autocracy as represented by the king, to a parliamentary democracy, and was therefore only a political upheaval, despite the new elements represented by the French peasantry. And parliamentary democracy, as we have seen in the last war, does not prevent international gambling and imperialist aggression. Therefore, once political democracy was established it could continue even under Napoleon, and even in alliance with the Pope. Politics were then, as they have always been, unscrupulous, and admitted and even required

coöperation and alliances wherever possible. The Russian Revolution, on the contrary, and especially that under the Soviets, was based first of all on social motives and on unconditional pacifism. So that the Russian revolutionary militarism is not even a by-product of the Russian Revolution, but reflects the system inspired in Europe and sharpened by European practices.

On the restless and dark surface of contemporary Europe Russia may be seen with a new significance as the one spot where an idealistic struggle was fought; wisely or unwisely, pure or impure, it was nevertheless fought; and amid the darkness of a forest of bayonets she casts the one ray of light. Is it a wonder that Russia produces so many academic Bolsheviki who never dreamed of being Sovietists or even revolutionists? The nation that dared to bare its chest before the German bayonets, to present its open suffering face in front of English and French guns, how can we fear such a nation? We must remember that the government which holds it together is trying to realize a new dream and a new ideal both of which come, perhaps, only temporarily, but which must not be extinguished if mankind aspires to creative and

progressive life instead of social stagnation and smug individual complacency.

Maeterlinck some few years ago began his search for the blue bird of happiness, and as he could not find it under the guidance of the old generations, he had to employ two children, Tytyl and Mytyl to aid him in the quest. Wandering through this world and other worlds, they could find nothing but the old shades of their ancestors, and the old material things—bread, milk, sugar. And when for a while it seemed to them that they had captured the bird, it flew away again, very far away, because the youthful dreams of the two children were only dreams, and the blue bird of justice, beauty, and happiness could not remain in the old worlds. We have now learned that the old worlds must be made anew, and in the remaking humanity is experiencing pain and suffering, because there is no birth without pain and suffering.

So noble and peace-loving a character as the Belgian poet, Emile Verhaeren, the European Walt Whitman, saw rebellion as an inspiring struggle of humanity for happiness. He felt no regret at seeing crowds burning the archives and destroying the old monuments.

He saw these acts as signs of a new life, in a new guise certainly, arising from the ashes of the old. In the social stress and unrest of our day we are facing the emergence of something shadowed forth in the destructive and creative dreams of Nietzsche. Russia is the first new figure to emerge into the daylight of reality. Since the time of Peter the Great she had assimilated in her political and social body all that was characteristic of Europe, and all that was noble and creative in Russia. She is now burning, not in a fire of her own making, but in fires as of an *auto-da-fe* which European blindness and ambition had encircled her. That is her real position, and it is also her true significance and value. It is her contribution to the forces that will bring about the passing of the old order in Europe.

Before it finally passes we cannot foretell what further sacrifices this old order will demand, both from Europe as a whole and from Russia in particular. But this certainly we may cling to. The old order *is* passing, and whether Russia be made the victim of a twentieth century European Inquisition or not, the old Europe will no longer remain. When an

age is tottering down hill on its way to death, it may crush many fresh lives in its clumsy career, but it cannot halt its own final destruction.

CHAPTER IX

CONSEQUENCES AND POSSIBILITIES

WE HAVE now reached a point where we may attempt to summarize, however briefly, the conditions of present-day Europe and indicate, however sketchily, the trend of its future social and spiritual development. At the very outset, however, we find ourselves confronted with a capital difficulty. We need a new language in which to express ourselves. The vocabulary of political and social thought is cluttered with words which actually stand for little more than the Baconian Idola. The greater part of our traditional concepts have lost their meaning for the present generation, and they have either been narrowed by the specialist investigator or warped out of all useful shape by the special pleader. The word Progress, for example, is one of the more notorious Idola. Whereas it is commonly used both by the scholar and the popular speaker as though its

implications were so clear they needed no further exposition, the fact of the matter is that there is scarcely a thinker alive to-day who could give a constructive definition of the word which would be acceptable to the majority of his contemporaries. When a Russian writer like Engelhart can write on "Progress as the Development of Cruelty," we can easily see how the word lends itself to specious and malicious argumentation.

Now, what is commonly called progress proves upon close examination to be something quite different. About the progress of politics in the nineteenth century much has been written. In the course of our survey I have tried to make clear what this "progress" meant in terms of the modern state. In reality it came to little more than the idea of exploitation of the weak by those who are in power, or by those who achieved power through the operation of a clumsy constitutional mechanism. This notion of exploitation, in the interests of "progress" has been duly dressed up in the garments of justice and truth and liberty and what not, so that it should seem to those who are governed that our "progressive" institutions have actually created

for them a more favorable condition of life. It is characteristic of our modern civilization that this feature of its political life should have been judiciously formulated in Germany above all other countries. For, as I explained in an earlier chapter, the chief error of Germany was to carry modern civilization rigorously to its conclusions. It was no other than the German philosopher Rudolph Eucken, of the University of Jena, who fifteen years ago came to the conclusion that the individual who suffers in modern society will necessarily try to find security and solace—and even self-expression—in the state. This philosophy, of course, was utilized not so much to assist the individual as to bolster up the authority of the state, and in actual practice it served as well to justify the arrogation of power by republican governments as it did to strengthen the long-established hold of the monarchies. The actual behavior of this philosophy of state was far different from its philosophic assumptions. It was not merely that the state failed to protect the individual, to relieve his distress, to listen to his aspirations. The state went so far as to use him and exploit him for its own purposes. The state took from him as much of his initia-

tive and his productive value as it could use for its bureaucracy and its military machine, and it suppressed as far as possible all the rest of his autonomous energies and activities. As far as political development is concerned it is plain that our boasted "progress" was only a higher development of state power. It resulted in a fallacious identification of individual dispositions with those of the government. Progress in this sense was the justification of things as they were *because* they were.

Along that line no genuine movement forward is possible. The new way out for which we seek will not be discovered by following the old way through. Did not Germany prove that?

From the moral point of view the progressive achievements of our age are equally illusory. The movement toward international pacification and humanitarianism with which the twentieth century proclaimed its advent appears actually to have slipped backward from the position it had reached in the days of Cobden and Bright. In our private life, in our individual thinking, we may have been moved by high moral sentiments and directed by noble ideas, but as soon as we responded to the gladi-

atorial call of the political and social arena we stripped ourselves of our moral armor and went forth to do battle as animals with no other nature than a zoological one. Our morality was battered into uselessness by the struggles of our public lives. In the sphere of international and inter-human relations we appeared as so many animals that had broken out from the zoo. Morality was to us a cage from which we had escaped. At large again, we could enjoy an exquisite savagery which carried us back farther than the Java man. That was not the return to Nature which Rousseau pleaded for and Tolstoy practiced. These great thinkers wished to escape what was wrong in civilization. Our modern leaders wished us to recover what was wrong even in savagery.

I have, of course, magnified our departure from common moral standards, and I must therefore hasten somewhat to qualify the preceding paragraph. I am not asserting that we left no room anywhere for those moral ideals which are the finest fruits of the creative human mind. But I do say that we felt no necessity for incorporating in our social and political life the standards that we had firmly established in theory, and partly carried out in

practice, for our individual lives. In the social field we were content to remain "real" politicians and "practical" men. We sought not the social good, but private privilege; not social achievement, but private satisfaction; not social welfare, but private possession. This kind of primitive "pragmatism" is the real characteristic of what we call progress and advance. Our tendency to advance along these lines recalls to me a line of Plato's to the effect that if life were to progress continuously it would become unbearable.

What Plato may have meant by this enigmatic sentence it is now impossible to say: its meaning in our present situation, however, is poignant. Beyond all doubt the progress of Western European civilization has already made life unbearable. At the risk of tedium I must revert to the last war for illustration, for I find in it a magnificent recapitulation of our "progressive" accomplishments. History, indeed, has much to tell us from its many wars. When Guy de Maupassant visited the desert of Sahara and saw the wide stretch of golden sand dotted here and there with little scarlet flowers he exclaimed: "*Du sang et de l'or, toute histoire humaine!*" Blood and gold, the

whole history of humanity! The twentieth century is not different from the preceding centuries in its selection of the materials of history: it uses the same ingredients and mixes them in the same fashion. Indeed our century has surpassed others, because of the scientific resources which it was able to throw into the scales. But those who think of Hannibal, Cæsar, Xerxes, Napoleon, and Moltke on one hand, and of Socrates, Buddha, and Christ on the other, will understand that the last war was something more than a repetition of old experiences. They will realize that continuous progress has at last made life unbearable, and has thus made the main task of our generation nothing less than a paradox. We can achieve salvation to-day only by stopping progress! We must stop it lest it bring us to ultimate annihilation.

No part of the world has escaped from the general hardship and suffering occasioned by our last achievement in "progress." We can no longer look to a new Columbus or Ponce de Leon to discover for us new lands where society may begin life afresh, for all the lands are now not merely occupied but interrelated, and the smallest village in Armenia, Turke-

stan, or Siberia has shared something of the terror and misery of our great debacle. No virgin country, no undiscovered land, will give us the inspiration for a fresh start. No stimulus from an external environment will help us: weakness, debilitation, and fatigue are everywhere. We must discover our new world from within. We must put aside smug self-satisfactions and a mean consciousness of "success." We must pause to contemplate what we have attained, not what we have *obtained*, what we are, not what we possess. During the war the great German pacifist, Föerster, whom I have already quoted, used to tell us that the peace which was to come (and unfortunately is still to come) could not be won, but must be merited. His words sounded then like the banalities of a sermon, for we thought we could win justice and truth and liberty by means of our Realpolitik. We took it for granted that these ideals would flower naturally once we held the initiative in the world of power. But Föerster was right. Our physical victory was not enough: we were not able to achieve a moral victory, and the nations that gathered at Versailles could not arrange a peace, because they did not deserve it.

But it is not alone in politics and morals that our progress has been deceptive. The economic aspect of "progress" betrays equally gross anomalies.

Our economic life differs very little to-day from what it was in the days of slavery or the constitutional serfdom of the first half of the nineteenth century. Our discoveries and inventions in science have but aided to increase the activity of the exploiters and enslavers. The system may have changed its form, but in essence it is the same. Prior to the introduction of the steam engine and the telegraph, we had slavery frankly accepted and openly practiced. Domesticated human beings were bought and sold like horses and cows; they and their progeny were bequeathed to unborn generations as property. We look back now on that period as a dark age and congratulate ourselves on the wonderful progress we have made since that time, and we do not omit to refer to the briefness of the period that has elapsed, in order to emphasize the rapidity of our progress.

But all the wonderful inventions and discoveries of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries cannot compare with the discovery of the value

of a human being possessed with a dignity of his own. And yet, in spite of the abolition of serfdom in Russia and the emancipation of the negro in America—two events which marked periods in the middle of the nineteenth century—when we try to assess to-day the dignity and value of a human being *per se*, what do we find? We find that industrial development and economic conditions have debased these values and enslaved the individual just as they were debased and enslaved during the previous two centuries. But with the single difference, that whereas, formerly, human bodies were enslaved for the value of their muscles, because the dignity of a man with a brain and a soul had not yet been discovered, modern society has enslaved him for the new values of his brain and soul.

The classification of human beings into higher and lower, no longer obtains as it did in our earlier period. But it still holds good to-day in substance, as a basis of our social life. It is not recognized by any constitution, but it is part of an unwritten law. It is very significant that at the Versailles Peace Conference, a conference held at the end of the second decade of the twentieth century, no one

dared to make a frank declaration of human equality; and the covenants of the conference concerning labor are expressed in the vaguest language possible. Even so conservative a labor representative as Samuel Gompers declared at the last convention of the American Federation of Labor, that the labor classes included in the Peace Treaty were very far from expressing what the American representatives of labor demanded officially in Paris. Were we to read carefully the language of the peace covenants affecting labor, we would be amazed at its lack of recognition of human dignity, and its implication of the wretchedness of human spirits. For we find there stated calmly and as a matter of course, that labor is not a matter of commercial speculation; that labor cannot be bought or sold; that children shall not be over-exploited and their young muscles and brains weakened at the very earliest period of their existence. What an indictment of our civilization! But even agreeing that these covenants of the Peace Treaty are sincere and will be observed; assuming that the minds of the old men at Versailles were really illuminated for a moment with the light of justice and moral principles, we still must be over-

come by shame and a sense of degradation, that in the century of dreadnaughts and aeroplanes, in an age when our pride in civilization rose to its highest pitch, such decrees as these *have to be written at all*. When the serfs were freed a genuine rearrangement of the social forces in Russia was made, and we really saw large numbers of former slaves passing through the narrow gates of society and the state. In these days we try to get rid of the burden of modern slavery by means of scraps of paper and diplomatic phrases, and we do not, in any way, enlarge our social field or change our economic system. It is not a matter of the relations between the suffering and exploited slave majority and the exploiting minority. It is simply a matter of the value of life. What value can life have when its basis is slavery, for those who do not happen to be born into the family of a factory owner?

The exploitation of human labor and the growing power of capitalistic concentration, gave play in the highest degree to what Bertrand Russell calls the possessive instincts. This instinct for possession is more rampant in the economic than it is in the political.

From the ethical standpoint our economic

situation is a tragic failure. We have been content to conduct our lives as though Christ were merely a puppet of clericalism; as though ethics were but a university study which should be pursued for the sake of a "passing mark;" as though the distribution of vital wealth and the establishment of human solidarity were of less consequence than the transportation of freight and the regimentation of workers and soldiers. Our morality itself is a fetich, one of the Baconian Idola. We have lost respect for its true meaning and have neglected the necessity for maintaining its integrity, and for our irreverence and neglect we have had to pay a terrible penalty. Unless we can recover the essential spirit of morality, unless we can restore it to its rightful place in our lives, our "civilization" will continue to be a mockery, and our "progress" a burden.

In politics, in economics, in morality we have decidedly reached an impasse. We cannot go forward in the old direction without faring worse. How shall we climb out of the ruins that have fallen about us without creating greater ruin? How shall we contrive a new alignment of social forces? With whom shall we coöperate and to what end shall we work?

We must bear these questions constantly in mind as we pursue our analysis of the present-day structure of society.

First of all, let us ask ourselves whether there is possibly any automatic escape from our predicament. What is to be said for those who believe that we can pin our hopes for a new society on the probability of a gradual, ameliorative evolution? The orthodox liberals have always claimed to uphold the banners of genuine progress, and their creed means that in the long run progress is written in the natural order of things, and that whereas temporary aberrations may deflect the movement toward more perfect social institutions, the tendency of our development must nevertheless be forward and upward. The liberals believe that our civilization is in essence a good one, and that it is the *ultima ratio* of human activity as far as it has gone. They fear the revolutionary method partly because it denies the beneficence of the gradual processes of change and partly because it is by nature catastrophic. They believe theoretically in a genuine human solidarity; but unfortunately when this liberal shibboleth is translated into political language it means little more than a

readiness for compromise. Morally speaking, liberal solidarity implies a temporary acquiescence in the evils of our times for the sake of a possible realization, at some future date, of justice and liberty. Traditional liberalism has stood theoretically for the humanities: that has been its positive position. At the same time it has "stood for" (in the sense that it has tolerated) a good portion of the inhumanities. Lord Morley's ineffectualness, as Secretary for India, in stopping the outrages upon liberal principles practiced by his subordinates is an excellent example of liberalism in both capacities. Traditional liberalism has, in point of fact, tended always to weaken the creative, as well as the destructive, elements of life. It has achieved a sort of deadly success in palliating the egoistic and ruthless aspects of upper class capitalism and in decently covering up the misery and depression of the lower strata—veiling the whole scheme of naked exploitation in the robes of "historic necessity," "give and take," and "abolition of violence." On the surface liberalism has been the only philosophy of contemporary political thought which was free from the egoism of the two conflicting classes; it appeared to be the only one

based upon such considerations as moral order, justice, and peaceful development. It has been the hesitancy of liberalism to follow a frank, clear-cut, forthright policy in practice that has brought about its failure. The result of this failure is not merely that liberal methods have been discredited but that support has been given to the fallacious notion that ethical principles themselves are of little moment in the practical conduct of political and social life. In consequence the discontented classes, observing the failure of liberalism, have taken up the idea of dictatorial power. That is the most obvious outcome of the debacle of liberalism, and by all odds it is the most important. The responsibility for the acceptance of Bolshivism by the proletariat throughout the world is attached to this failure.

With liberalism unseated, reaction is in the saddle, and the methods of reaction are dominant even in political camps where its aims are suspected. There has, in fact, taken place a strange interchange of methods between the radical and the reactionary. While the aims and final ideals of radicalism carry with them the breath of a new life, and the vision of a new human unity, the instruments used to

make them effective are theoretically, and as the Russian Revolution bears witness, practically, the same methods that have been employed by all the governments of the world. Now, these aims will never bring about a genuine revolution. The great revolution will come only when violent methods are repudiated and the same results are achieved by methods which are in themselves consonant with the purposes of the revolution. The discovery of this new path to a revolutionary goal will be a real revolution indeed! Without it, all our attempts are spurious.

Let us ask ourselves candidly whether a violent upheaval is the only way out of the present impasse, now that the failure of liberalism is acknowledged beyond dispute. If we are to make a successful appraisal of the possibilities for revolution we must at the outset make a discrimination between two kinds of social movement which we call by the same name. One kind of revolution is purely political: its ideals are republican, or rather, parliamentary; the other kind is industrial: its prime purpose is to achieve economic freedom. The Russian Revolution was so effective socially and industrially because it was not ham-

pered by established pseudo-democratic institutions and because it did not make the attainment of such institutions its goal. Russia, as is notorious, did not possess a parliament; above all things, Russia did not possess a parliamentary tradition. As an American once defined it, Russia was a parliamentary monarchy with an autocratic monarch. The Russian Revolution accordingly had no difficulty in assuming a social form; for the forces of the revolution flowed naturally into social, rather than political channels. Its violent and drastic quality was therefore, in certain aspects, the natural outburst of forces which had not spent their energy in meandering through the fields of conventional politics. This accounts in part for the impetus of the Soviet idea.

The case with France and England is quite different, and even a cursory survey will convince one that a violent revolution is little short of an impossibility in either country. The indirect, parliamentary tradition is too well-developed, and the spontaneous ebullition of social forces, such as took place in Russia, would speedily dissipate itself if indeed it could ever burst forth. With Italy the case is not so clear, because the proletarian movement on

one hand, and the chauvinist movement on the other, have both to some extent repudiated the authority of the monarchy and of parliament; and in the struggle between these two distinct and antagonistic sections of the body politic the conservative political institutions may suddenly collapse. England and France, however, have developed parliamentarianism and state unity to such an extent that a revolution seems altogether out of the question. The quarrel between the parliamentarians and the Sovietists within the ranks of the proletarians is in itself disruptive of any solid movement toward revolution. Another factor which will prevent revolution in Western Europe is the strength and influence of the middle classes. The social classes within the modern western states are not split into two plainly opposed camps as was the case in the last Russian and the first French Revolution. In modern Europe the middle classes serve as ballast which keeps the ship of state upright in a storm; and so long as they do not shift when the ship is keeling over no upset will take place. The position of the Russian middle class was anomalous. Because of the economic oppression of Tsardom the middle class in Russia had become revolu-

tionary in temper, and accordingly the first steps taken toward revolution by the proletarians were aided and encouraged by the middle class, which coöperated freely in the first revolution, at least in its early stages. The other reason that the middle class counted for so little in maintaining the old order was that they were numerically weak. More than seventy per cent of Russia's population were peasants and workers, and as soon as the revolution was under way its direction remained in the hands of this majority. The unorganized bourgeoisie had not ballasted the old régime; and they could scarcely produce an effect upon the new order.

The place of the middle class in Western Europe is vastly more important than that it occupied in Russia. Socially inactive and economically conservative, the middle class represents that large part of the population which rejoices in these characteristics, and the ideas which it stands for above all others are those of order and peace. It is this middle class that is the true product of our so-called progress and our so-called civilization in Europe. It is the dead center of our whole social system. Socially it is the medium in which the yeast of

capitalism is introduced, for the ultimate leavening of the whole social order. The middle class has been educated into the belief that possession and property are the final goals of human effort, and that happiness, as well as the highest social good, consists in the extension of one's possessions and the sanctification of one's property. Admission to the capitalist class is believed by the bourgeoisie to be the crown of human achievement, while reduction to the level of the working class is regarded as a catastrophe so dreadful that no scruple, no sense of humanity, no love of justice, must stand in the way of avoiding it. So implicitly has the middle class come to believe in these socially inimical doctrines that the reign of the middle class is the real terror of our modern culture, and the most pernicious force that has worked, and is working, for the degradation of society. The great enemy of a genuine revolution is not Capitalism itself, but its by-product, its bastard offspring, the middle class; and as long as the middle class remains intact in Europe a revolution is not possible.

It is worth while to pause for a second and reckon a little more fully with the influence of the middle class and with the standards it has

erected; for it would be as foolish to lay out a plan for reconstruction which neglected the middle class as it would be to lay out the plans for a new city and neglect the swamp which stood undrained in the midst of it. The very nature of our plans must be altered so that we may without unnecessary effort abate such a nuisance. The ideals of the middle class all grow out of the belief that the good life consists simply in following pleasure and avoiding pain, and that the chief means of achieving this happy state is by satisfying the possessive instincts to the utmost, just as though the highest kind of organic life were represented by the sort of creature that fastens itself to a sheltered rock in the ocean and by avoiding the risks and dangers of an active life grows progressively fatter and more comfortable and more replete with physical satisfaction until at last it has become simply a mouth and a food pouch. To rise above the level of this fixed, sessile, comfortable, and thoroughly degraded mode of existence is no part of the mission of the middle class. Social stability, with its ensurance of an unchallenged position and a regular income, is all that the middle class seeks to maintain, and it sets its back firmly

against every movement which challenges its existence or which threatens to remove the conventional foundations upon which it rests. Conformity and uniformity are its ideals. To comply with middle-class standards, in other words, and to extend this habit of compliance to as large a section of the population as can be reached, are the chief ends of a bourgeois civilization.

Materialism demonstrated a certain diabolic genius in creating its faithful servant, the middle class. The influence of our materialistic ministers of progress is now more potent by far than that of our idealistic dreamers, and it is a fine irony that the first should be called the upholders of law and order and the second the apostles of violence. Spiritual violence—the ruthless suppression of every benevolent instinct—is the very soul of bourgeois culture. The rule of the middle class is nothing less than a “dictatorship of the propertariat.” While that dictatorship lasts the new order of society will remain unborn.

Now in the face of the increasing moral authority and material power of the working classes, the proletariat attempted to escape the menace from within the state by creat-

ing a host of new menaces outside the state. It sought to achieve this end by appropriating the democratic slogan of national self-determination and turning it to its own especial uses. Thus was one of the most dreadful crimes in history lately committed. A single glance at the new map of Europe will amply illustrate its details. It should have been clear to everyone, even to the "mean, sensual man," that the war to end war was destined to usher in a new era. What the characteristics of that era were to be was something whose determination rested to no slight extent on the terms of peace and the sort of economic and social conditions that accompanied them. The choice lay roughly between three roads. On one side lay the road that continued us along the lines of the old order: that was the road of reaction. On the other side stretched the road that would have led us in a new direction under the same motive power that brought us to an impasse on the first road: this was the path of violent revolution. Between them opened the third alternative; the road that would have led us toward a revolutionary goal through the instrumentality of socially renovated and morally solid-

arized society. From the second road the propertariat drew back in hysterical horror. The third possibility it turned aside from, partly in ignorance, partly in sloth, and partly because it made demands incompatible with the continuance of the system of privilege and property upon which the bourgeoisie rested. The propertariat chose the worst road of all, that which had led us into the great war, and which had in the course of five bitter years accentuated every evil that existed in the old political system. It was not for lack of warning that the representatives of the old order played fast and loose with the principle of self-determination. In the first days of November, 1918, Karl Kautsky, dean of European socialist intellectuals, published a series of articles analyzing the strategical and economic situation in some of the new countries. He pointed out incidentally that such a country as Czechoslovakia, in the heart of Central Europe, would furnish one of the greatest incentives for a new war. Surrounded by Germany, Poland, and Austria, with only a narrow lane of communication between its two parts, Czechoslovakia could easily be cut in twain during the first hour of a national conflict. It would

be unable from a strategical point of view to defend itself, and this situation would be a constant temptation to her neighbors to assume an aggressive attitude toward her. Nobody would fear her, but she would fear everybody. She would be afraid of her ability to maintain her national independence, economically and strategically. In short, Czechoslovakia threatens to be a perpetual sore-spot in Europe, and only a statesmanship that placed the dangers of national warfare lower in the scale than the dangers of class conflict would ever have gone to the lengths of creating an independent entity out of a country whose position as a state is so indefensible. The necessity such a small state finds in having to lean upon a larger one, as Poland is supposed to lean upon France, is the principle characteristic of this diplomatic arrangement, and it is a characteristic which, while it will redound to the financial and military benefit of the greater power, will do nothing to further the peace of Europe or the prosperity of the underlying populations.

The specious way in which the principle of self-determination was employed by the Great Powers is nowhere more evident than in the

case of Austria, and this demonstrates to the hilt the faults of the bourgeois peace. What respect can the Austrian working class have for the established order when, despite their demand for unity with Germany, the "principle of self-determination" is invoked in order to make them work out their salvation in sterile independence. With an industrial life mainly dependent upon the Czechs, among whom the chief industries of the old Austro-Hungarian empire were concentrated, and dependent mainly upon Hungary and Galicia for supplies, the working classes of Austria are inevitably bound to be a negligible quantity in the future. The industrial life of Hungary, although somewhat more developed through war activities, is likewise not strong enough to maintain that country in independence, and Hungary will be compelled to "co-operate" with those Great Powers whose secret covenants will have all the force of public laws. Unless an internal victory of democracy is achieved in the belligerently victorious countries all the small nations of central Europe—to say nothing of the Near East—will be merely colonies of the Great Powers, whether avowedly or in disguise. Hungary is an in-

stance of the way in which the map of Europe will be withdrawn on a moment's notice. The small states are but little nuclei which may be crushed out in a moment. The Balkan States have been multiplied by the peace settlement, and by that fact the number of international danger points have been correspondingly increased. The war has indeed Balkanized Europe. In this condition it is a rich field for the selfish appetites for conquest and aggrandizement and exploitation which are whetted in the capitals of Europe. Is this not the most startling exhibition of Bolshevism that the world has been confronted with? Bolshevism perpetrated in the name of "law and order" is no less Bolshevism than when it is practiced in the name of renovated social order. Is a crime any the less flagrant because it is committed in evening dress?

It is unfortunate, however, that disillusionment with the principle of nationality should have gone so far. The explanation for our cynical aversion to nationalism lies, of course, in the Bolshevism of Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. The international dictators at Versailles did not differ in method from that British Foreign Secretary

who, a few hundred years ago, sat in his office, surrounded by his assistants, calculating as a matter of pure arithmetic how many black people could be transported from Africa and sold into slavery in the American colonies. The "big three" used fine-sounding terms, taken impudently from science, morals, and religion, to justify their establishment of a ruthless system of white slavery over a great part of Europe and Asia: but their underlying purpose was as base as that which was the mainspring of black slavery, for they were concerned, it would seem, only with the importance of so carving up the new states that their peoples would inevitably quarrel with their neighbors across the frontiers and so forget those who were their real masters and owners. The old abominable principle, Divide and Rule, was written in almost every clause of the peace treaty. Even a dictatorship of the proletariat will hardly break down the provisions that were made under this dispensation, and instead of working toward new issues the proletariat is likely to drench the old issues in blood—to the great joy of those who make it their business to divide and rule.

The prejudice against nationalism is, I say,

an almost inevitable reaction against the way nationalism was used by the big powers to promote imperial interests. There exists a feeling that nationalism is a strongly disruptive factor; that nationalism and internationalism are conflicting and irreconcilable forces; and that no real harmony may be expected until one or the other of them is overthrown. The spokesmen of bourgeois democracy claim to be dyed-in-the-wool nationalists: above all things they hold themselves patriots. Therefore these elder statesmen and their followers assert the right to crush radicalism, and they go so far as to make nationalism itself synonymous with anti-radicalism and internationalism with radicalism, so that the obligation is imposed upon every patriot to crush the two latter "isms" at a single blow. This identification of nationalism with the forces of reaction is popular not merely among the reactionaries themselves but also to some extent with the liberals. It seems to many radicals, liberals, and Socialists impossible to reconcile their plans for the development of a sound economic and social world order with the demands of national culture. I believe that both the reactionaries and the radicals that are committed to this point of view

are mistaken; although the reactionaries have utilized the error to serve their special political and economic interests, whereas the radicals have nothing to gain by blinding themselves to the true position of things. Beyond doubt the sort of nationalism that was provoked by the war is antagonistic to internationalism: indeed it is inimical to any generous scheme of human culture. What was called nationalism during the war period was nothing more than the bare expression of our brute instincts: fear and anger and self-assertion and the impulse to stampede with the herd were its chief ingredients. When the national combat ceased, however, and civil strife took the place of military strife the finer aspect of nationalism came to the surface, and as I have already noted in the Chapter on Revolution it was those very groups that were committed to a thorough-going international working-class program that proved staunchest to the ideals of a genuine nationalism. Even during the war in Russia treason against the country was confined to the highest circles of the court, and the most pro-German elements were those who were ostensibly most pro-Russian. And during the critical period of the revolution the case be-

came even more plain. It was the Russian radical that showed himself the nationalist; it was the patriotic Cadet that deserted Krensky when his government was toppling, and it was the bourgeoisie that was prepared to sacrifice his country's welfare with the aid of military forces from England and France. Again, when Hungary had to be saved and her national independence protected from the voracious appetites of the statesmen at Versailles and their Balkan agents, Count Karolyi was helpless and gave up his power to the extreme internationalists, led by Bela Kun. If one compares the messages of Bela Kun to Lenin and to the Supreme Council at Versailles with the diplomatic notes sent by Clemenceau to Germany or the brutal reply to Germany about the liberation of her war prisoners one cannot doubt which of the two is more deeply imbued with the spirit of coöperation based upon national dignity. Bela Kun speaks in the mood of a temperate and humane nationalist; Clemenceau in that of a bellicose and aggressive imperialist. There is no reason either in logic or history, as far as I can see, which should cause the radical to fear striking root in the deepest national soil; it is out of the proper

cultivation of our several national cultures that a true internationalism will eventually flower. Official nationalism, with its ruthless competition, its widespread exploitation of resources, its centralized financial control, its disregard of any end except profit, is the disintegrating force against which the true nationalist must fight, and in the endeavor to curb international capitalism the radical can perform a service both to the cause he openly loves—that of humane internationalism—and to the cause he still distrusts, that of nationalism. The present alignment of forces is misleading and destructive of effort, and a new alignment must as soon as possible be effected.

How shall we escape from the maelstrom of our time? The values we have created in culture and science, the very lives of peoples and nations, are in danger, and unless we can find succour our whole civilization is in danger of going under. There seems no other recourse but to throw the lines to labor. We must put our trust in those groups which have no long tradition of hatred, chicanery, double-dealing, and diplomatic fraud, and which have, on the contrary, a distinct personal realization of the unbearableness of suppression and violence.

The suppressed but not smothered voice of labor is the only one that has a right to be heard in the present crisis. It is the only group that is potentially capable of making a creative contribution to the problems of world reconstruction. In admitting this we are not following the doctrinaire counsels of Lenin and Trotzky. The modern capitalist himself feels the force of this new social element. The idea of reconstruction was born first of all within the ranks of the economic experts and business men of Europe. These gentlemen even went so far as to give labor an opportunity to function under the auspices of the League of Governments. They were ready to listen to the voice of labor in the halls of the future League. What this benevolent interest in the labor movement means when reckoned up in terms of tangible assets and goods it is a little difficult to discern. The old men at Versailles, being experts at abusing words and perverting their meanings, as their treatment of the principle of national self-determination so violently witnesses, reduced the ideas of reconstruction and labor participation to facts which bore no resemblance to their original features. They could hardly be expected to do otherwise, for

they went so far as to abuse the words Christ uttered when he walked, lonely and sad, in the mountains and over the desert of Judea, suffering with his people, crushed as they were under the iron heel of the Roman Empire; and seeing no way out in the theories of life as presented by the Pharisees, he discovered a new light in a new life somewhere else. He thought that unless we were all enlightened by the same God who was in us and around us, and not enthroned somewhere in a hidden heaven, there was no use in shouting and in political campaigns; and so he said: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." These words were used, as were many other words of Christ, as a justification for the Cæsars of this world who considered all things theirs. Submit to the power of the Cæsars and become slaves in the name of God!

Labor will, no doubt, be given a seat in the diplomatic councils. In the parliaments, too, a place will be cleared for it. For without labor it will be impossible to utilize expeditiously for military purposes the workers who are sent to "give help, financially, economically, and politically, to the weak and small na-

tions" through the simple diplomatic method of wrecking the financial system of the succoured country and breaking down its political structure. The ruling classes, since they cannot govern without the assistance of labor, are concentrating their energies now on the problem of turning this situation to their own advantage. They are willing to put the strings of authority into labor's hands as long as they are able to control the hands. How could they assume any other attitude toward labor when for a hundred years our whole thought on the subject had been based on such humanly insufficient ideas as those of efficiency and production? According to the regnant philosophy the laboring man was a cow, and his value was the amount of milk he produced. The hospitals, the social welfare organizations, the amusements that were provided for labor were all aimed at helping the workman—to work. But the laboring man is neither a cow nor a machine. He is something more. And no system of society will be tolerable until it realizes that this "something more" is its whole excuse for existing.

What is really valuable, for instance, in the Russian peasant, or the Russian workman on

the banks of the Volga? The amount of muscular energy he possesses, or the Maxim Gorky who emerged so suddenly from the dark masses of that people? And how many Maxim Gorkys are lost throughout the world on the banks of rivers and in the power rooms of factories! Neither the spiritual nor the ethical energy of a man is taken into consideration now when we say labor. The sin is not limited, we have to confess, to those who are professedly at one with capitalism. It is characteristic of many labor leaders who think in terms of Marxian materialism. The ethical value of labor is forgotten. The human value of what is produced by a man has been overlooked and our life has become so materialistic, the content of it has been deprived to such a large extent of moral values, that we have begun to think that no moral values exist. But the Nemesis of history has never slept, and we are reminded of it in a cruel way, by wars and revolutions and Bolshevisms.

The need for reconstruction is universally acknowledged. Nobody denies that a fundamental remodelling of our economic and industrial system is part of the order of the day, but in all the prolix discussions of reconstruction

no one seems concerned with analyzing the reasons that underlie this need. It is generally admitted that the war has cost too much, that the disorganization of our industrial system has gone too far, and that a more effective social order must be established. While no objections can be offered against this view I must nevertheless insist that the most important thing is to ascertain what reconstruction means and what should be its immediate aim. The restoration of the wealth of nations which was destroyed on the battlefields of Europe is no adequate goal of achievement. If reconstruction means the reorganization of production so that we may relapse into the old ways and continue in our "normal" life—and during the last few years war became almost a normal attribute of our life—then we had better not have any reconstruction and our every-day needs had better increase and our resources decrease until we have a general enough collapse to stop the reign of blood. But we are not apt to acknowledge that we desire reconstruction in order to ensure our ability to carry on more wars.

It is necessary now to remake the world for two reasons. First, to bring into the active

political life of society new elements and new members who, if they do not possess the training of the old statesmen, do possess the comprehension of suffering and the understanding of what present-day society *is* and what *no* society should be. Second, in order to solidarize the hitherto conflicting groups in such a way that the possibility of continuing wars and of engendering new ones will be reduced to a minimum, if not destroyed.

Now it is little better than a truism to say that no work of reconstruction is possible without real political freedom, real democracy, and not the democracy about which so much has been written and of which so little has been seen and felt. But political democracy now means something more than the reestablishment of constitutional guarantees which were abolished legally or illegally during the war. It means that the world has to reconstruct itself politically before it can bring into life a new social order. As long as monarchs rule there will be obstacles in the way of social reforms. A monarchy, besides the fact that it is a survival of personified feudalism, contains in itself many corrupting elements which hinder society from attaining normal development. The world was

happy to see the monarchies of the Central Powers fall. It understood that even with the utmost degree of parliamentarism a monarch who occupied a throne without any other right than the generally recognized tradition of his having been born in the family of its preceding occupant, must be the cause of mental and moral slavery. A nation can be great and creative without possessing a luxurious and expensive imperial court. A man whose health, happiness, and caprices exist as a result of the exploitation of many thousands of people who are called subjects represents something which is more immoral and more terrible than the older and more open institution of slavery. In old times we had at least the advantage of seeing things as they were. When society saw itself, its defects, in the light of its duties and obligations, it revolted and abolished that phase of the exploitation of human beings by other human beings; but the modern civilized slave owner, with all his embellishments, disguises the institution behind an elegant mask and suggests the false idea that he is the symbol of the greatness of his people. The result is that society exists not because its own bonds of unity are strong but because it is ruled by a

man who has an army of military and civil slaves who guard his interests and who suppress any attempts at advance or progress. A monarch creates a great army of the privileged who are, so to speak, the high court valets of his majesty. Under such conditions we have not only the two struggling classes of workers and idlers: we have also a class of high feudals who are called by another name than that used in the eighteenth century, but who, with their benevolent philanthropic policies maintain the spirit of slavery and submission in the heart of the nation, and they corrupt not only the people of their own nation but those of others who have long ago rid themselves of their own majesties and princes. Is it not striking that not only bourgeois France with her traditions and ambitions of the Second Empire tried to imitate the grandeur of the few remaining monarchs of Europe, but that even such an original democracy as the republic of the United States could not be completely independent at the peace conference in Versailles, but had also to make obeisance to the majesties represented there. It seems that the worthies there assembled believed that if they did but meet, shake hands, change their full dress costumes

or uniforms twice or thrice a day, nothing more would be needed to make the world safe for democracy.

The Congress of Vienna in 1814 was famous because of its wonderful statesmanship, when the Holy Alliance was formed to the sound of music in the Schönbrunn Palace at Vienna, and Metternich and Prince Gortchakov or Alexander the First and the international liar Talleyrand danced and drank together. A hundred and five years passed, and what was changed? First the place. Instead of Vienna we have Paris and instead of the Schönbrunn Palace we have the Palace of Versailles. Instead of marble halls we have a hall of mirrors. But how was a protesting and suffering world made happier or freer by the treaty signed by old men in the hall of mirrors, amid the tinkling of fountains, with the ghost of Louis XIV perhaps whispering in the air. Doubtless they enjoyed their surroundings, but in the meantime hundreds of peaceful Hindus and Egyptians were being shot down by machine guns and having bombs dropped on their quiet homes from aeroplanes, far from the whispering fountains and the hall of mirrors.

As long as monarchs exist it will be impos-

sible to abolish the privileges and the servile devotion to princes who express in their sacred persons the prestige of a nation. Social freedom and social democracy are impossible of attainment, because the privileged groups surrounding the monarchs are the active leaders of the state, and must inevitably be so. They have their agents and spies. They represent the spirit of militarism, no matter whether based on compulsory conscription or on voluntary enlistment. The absence of compulsory conscription in England early in the war did not prevent that country from having a great share in its battles and from procuring the lion's share of the spoils. As long as a man is dressed in a uniform and looks down on his nation from above, never having been below, no reconstruction of his nation is possible.

I cannot forget the impressions I got when I visited the Tsar's palace after the revolution. Putting aside the special Tsaristic qualities of Nicholas, he differed very little from any other king or monarch. Wealth beyond estimate was spent in the hundreds of halls and brilliant ballrooms. It seemed to me that from every corner of the immense winter palace, from every brilliant light, and on every precious and

wonderful and rare object there were ghosts, ghosts of lives lost and souls tortured, souls sacrificed for this stupid display of grandeur. Never did I realize the humbleness and stupidity of people and their real unhappiness as when I visited the prisoner of the Russian Revolution at Tsarskoye Seloe, Colonel Nicholas Romanoff. Seeing his dull, cruel eyes, his plain, ordinary face, I thought how weak, how stupid, and how poor in spirit is a people who permits its nation to be ruled by a man,—any man,—a man who reads the words written by others and calls them his own; who, in spite of his ignorance and weakness, was permitted to send millions of the sons of his people to death on a battlefield. What is the value, I asked myself, of our philosophies, our sciences, our universities, our attainments, when we are simply slaves and when we permit ourselves to be slaves of a man born in a golden bed, brought up in idleness? I remembered how a few years before the war Russia had been in a tremendous excitement over a new organization of school boys, who were formed in military regiments, something like Boy Scouts. In all the schools the boys were compelled to submit to military training and to march in the

streets in military formation, and after a year of this noble preparatory work the boys were sent by thousands to Petrograd where they were reviewed by His Majesty and His Highness, the nine-year-old son of His Majesty. These boys, "the hope of our future," were supposed to be happy because they were allowed to carry rifles, real rifles.

And all this because of a childish caprice of the little Highness. He complained that his father had a great army of big soldiers and that he, too, wanted an army of little soldiers, so the kind paternal heart gave the son an army of little soldiers. But the point is that all this was considered as the last word in educational achievements, and approved from a political, national, moral, and patriotic point of view. How many millions were spent, how much time wasted—and for what!

Does it not remind one of the two sons of the English king, George the Fifth, who are now acting as the commercial travelers of English Imperialism, and carrying sample cases of "international friendship"? The heir to the British throne is a "wonderful youth." He said, it was reported by the most respectable papers, that American girls are very nice girls.

He is so highly talented that when, having been impressed and almost overwhelmed by the courteous reception accorded him by American officials, he was moved to express his gratification in an extemporaneous speech he had to refer to his prepared manuscript only three times. (This is almost literally the report of a New York newspaper.)

The other and younger son went to Persia and brought the Persian Shah to London, thus consummating in a "friendly" way a most shameful "agreement" which deprives Persia of any kind of independence—and all this not even under the auspices of the League of Nations, but only because of the friendship and devoted love between the Persian and English people!

At a time when the world is exhausted with war; when there is no house and no family in all Europe which has not lost a member in the war does it not sound shameful, ridiculous, to read of the wonderful achievements of the Prince of Wales in America? Among all these there is one that is really characteristic. The Prince, so was it reported, unlike his father, who is very much interested in postage stamps, is especially ardent about walking sticks, of

which he has collected more than fifty, all of which are carried about wherever the Prince goes, by one of the Colonels of his staff, so that if the royal heir chooses to change his stick when he alights from his car he may do so.

So long as this kind of vaudeville performance, this opera bouffe, lasts in Europe there can never be any reconstruction of Europe as a whole.

The capitalist classes take refuge in these monarchical remnants in Europe and under their international and political protection hope to maintain the old order. Their hopes are vain. Indeed, beneath their attempt to keep old privileges lies their awareness that radical changes must be made, that a way for labor must be opened; and they are organizing hundreds of committees and societies for economic investigation and for a peaceful and gradual solution of the situation which has already wrecked Europe. So far they have found no plan or project which has constructive or creative features, for they have limited themselves to the problem of making men work more effectively now that economic values have been destroyed on the battlefields. And in the other camp, that of labor, there is a fear, a

hesitancy as to what is to be done, and the leaders lack both audacity in action and a clear comprehension of facts. On the other hand there is a general current of thought which sees the elimination of all evils in the nationalization of the primary industries of the state, such as coal mines and railroads. It seems to me that this latter view is a mistake, both from the standpoint of labor tactics and from that of the final aims of labor. Nationalization gives too many resources and too great power to the state as such, giving greater weight and importance to the very institution which proved fatal during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century. The already overwhelming power of the state was one of the causes of our moral and political collapse, and by means of nationalization we shall only make stronger the forces which have already proved so dangerous. The idea of nationalization seems to have a psychological attraction, because it gives the illusion that the men who work in a nationalized industry are liberated from the exploitation of private owners; and because the stubborn resistance of the private owners increases the supposed value of that reform in the minds of the working people. But it seems to me a mistake.

We must not forget that in 1917 a league of nations was advocated by labor elements throughout the world. The league of nations was a dream and an ideal of the trades unions and of the Socialist party. But the financial and industrial aristocracy objected to it, denied the value of it—and afterwards showed their flexibility and their business genius and have made of the league of nations a League of Nations, Inc., a trust company of the world's business men! Now the labor of the world objects to the league of nations while the capitalist class defends and upholds it.

This flexibility and business genius cannot be overlooked now. It is just as likely to turn the nationalization of industry into a tool for its own interests as it has already made of the league of nations a valuable weapon. The only difference is that under the control of the government the financiers will not have the responsibilities they had before, owning industry themselves, and on the one hand the government will be dependent upon their money, and on the other they will have nothing to do with satisfying the demands of labor, procuring markets, or finding raw material. It will then be too late for the laboring classes to protest

because they will have to fight against the government itself, and by that time the latter will be so stabilized by the reorganization of the class alliances of the capitalist classes that the worker will be able to gain nothing by protest.

How then can society recover from its disease? We want an illuminating idea, and that idea is in the decentralization of the state. Due to wartime conditions the Russian Revolution, in pre-Bolshevist days, could accomplish very little, but it did accomplish enough to furnish some ground for judgment of the value of that idea and of the main tendencies of the different classes. My experiences in the Ministry of Labor taught me that nothing is so attractive to the capitalist owner as nationalization. Even when the state does not plan it they urge it themselves. Then, after the revolution, we were confronted with the needs of the workers who were disorganized to the last degree with strikes, we were constantly besieged by owners of various industries who came to us for financial help, asserting that unless we gave them money to conduct their industries they would be unable to meet the wage demands of their employees, and when the government refused to meet their demands they begged us to "take

over our factories." In some cases they did not even ask any compensation,—having already assured themselves of future ease and comfort by their enormous profiteering. When the burden of the owners becomes too great to bear they will place it on the shoulders of the state.

One thing which really appeared during the revolution—and it seems to me a vital and fundamental thing—was labor control, the real participation of the working man in the administration of the industry. In some factories of the textile industry in Russia this system was applied, and in spite of the short time, the experiment showed evidence of good results. The owner and the general administrators of the factory worked together with the factory committee and neither profiteering nor strikes were possible. We hear now, especially from Germany, that there are no objections to sharing with labor the control of the profits. They hope that the efficiency of the industry will increase, while the laboring man will see for himself the limitations of the industry and will not make exaggerated demands. They hope, as they did in Russia, that the ignorance of labor will be no match for the sophistication of the

owners and managers, and that they can hide some share of the profits and retain their secrets of management. Therefore even labor control requires some qualifications and modifications.

The Trade Union must be considered not only as a workers' organization but as the main organism and body of labor control. It is not sufficient to have a workers' committee organized of representatives of the workers in a factory, but certain representatives of the labor unions themselves must be a part of the shop committee. We had organized in Russia so-called "Chambers of Reconciliation," something like the arbitration boards (except that they were permanent) in this country. These bodies were made up of representatives of the different trade unions, local and national, and the representatives of capital. The state, as represented by the ministry of labor, had no right to interfere with the disputes of capital and labor except in an advisory capacity, and its advice could be accepted or rejected at will. If labor would make the sharing of control an issue of its campaign it could compel the governments to stand absolutely aside and to have no right of interference, and its voice would be

more effective than through any schemes of nationalization, or any governmental regulation of the relations between capital and labor. It is certain that such a reorganization of industrial relations must be very painful, that the state and society as a whole will suffer very much from the controversies that will arise at first, due to the stubborn resistance of both sides, but this fight combined with the policy of strikes as an economic and political issue will paralyze both the attempt of the state to interfere and the resistance of the owners. Only by these methods can anything be attained without giving undue emphasis to either.

The increasing power of labor will increase labor's consciousness of responsibility. And when labor is sufficiently well-apprised of its task, when it has discovered both the defects of the present state system and the uselessness of such reforms as are based upon the continuance of the state system, it will prepare our industrial machinery for a new form of organization. It is too early, of course, to describe precisely the characteristics of this renovated industrial mechanism: but I risk the prediction that it will take the form of a widespread municipalization of industries, working toward

the voluntary federation of those enterprises that are inter-regional in scope, instead of the wholesale system of "block" nationalization that has for so long been the goal of "progressive" thinkers, both Socialist and non-Socialist. The present state maintains municipal bodies as subordinate members of its administrative system: it permits the city to exercise the bare minimum of functions necessary to its existence, and it has arrogantly assumed that the right to local self-government can be dispensed or withheld by the state. This weakness of our municipalities is the result of a series of historic accidents which favored state concentration at the expense of local interests, and substituted the system of centralism for that of voluntary federation. With the rise of labor and the removal of the breach between the governors and the governed the necessity for maintaining the absolute supremacy of the state will be removed: and we may accordingly look forward to a growth of autonomy by municipalities, as well as the corresponding increase in vigor in other voluntary coöperative associations.

The main guiding idea in economic organization should be the thought that industry be-

longs to society, and not to the state, to the community and not to the government. The necessity for a genuine and continuously operative labor control does not seem to me to require an elaborate explanation, nor need the reasons for it be supported by intricate appeals to philosophic and moral principles. It is clear that objections raised by the capitalist on the score that labor is not the creative element in industry, but only the productive one, and that therefore labor cannot pretend to participate in functions peculiar to the entrepreneur, who is the "brains of the business," can be met even by the weakest of economists and the most limited of philosophers. Arguments based on these grounds are only popular repetitions of those twin parents of capitalist ideology, David Ricardo and Samuel Smiles, both of whom sanctimoniously crowned the self-made man without taking into consideration the glaring moral fact that the self-made man's fortunes were based on a systematic sacrifice of the blood and the tissue and the energy and the vital impulses of the lower classes. Those who oppose labor control are doubtless a little nearer to reality when they assert that labor is economically and culturally not pre-

pared to assume the tremendous burden of controlling and regulating such a huge and complicated, and withal delicate, mechanism as present-day economic society. They are right when they say that labor is ignorant: but who has made the laborer the "hand" that he is: who has deprived him of the use of his brains? Is the working man ignorant because a dull brain is his ideal, or because capitalist society has acted as though to keep a laborer in ignorance were the only means of keeping him at work? Does the working man remain without intellectual resources because he can conceive of no better occupation than those few motions of the hand which make him so serviceable, for example, as a cog in a chain process at a Ford plant, or because his body, his brain, and his soul have been limited *to* these motions and *by* these motions in the pursuit of his daily bread?

The abolition of our twentieth century slavery, even though it cannot be attained without some temporary disorder, will have something better than a negative value. Freedom does not consist simply in the absence of chains: its influence is active and positive and creative: and the chief result of industrial freedom will

be a widespread efflorescence of cultural forces that have long been dormant and suppressed. The new age will be an age of cultural liberation; and this means at the same time that it will be an age of cultural reconstruction. The priests and acolytes of the old order have preserved a peculiar view of culture. They seem to believe that art, beauty, science, and philosophy are things that belong by eminent right only to those who were so fortunate as to be born several blocks away from the smutty drudgeries and necessities of the factory. Culture, according to those who express this view, whether they belong to the university or the banking house, rests upon idleness: and in consequence the privilege of being idle is the highest attainment of civilization! Culture is but the decoration, the embroidery, the transparent but useless veil which covers the activities of a society whose highest aim is to have no activity. It is not surprising that a revolutionist like Lunacharsky, the Bolshevik commissar of education, resents all this so-called culture and bitterly condemns the civilization that has produced it. Having traveled through Europe and seen the great monuments of Vienna, Paris, and Rome, and having come in contact

with the cultured life of the great capitals, Lunacharsky is prepared to deny the creative value of bourgeois culture, from top to bottom, and so he dreams of creating a new one which he calls proletarian culture. Decidedly Lunacharsky is too extreme in his reaction. He is too close to the revolution, and he exaggerates the difference between art created for the bourgeoisie and art created for the proletariat under the impression that the first kind was created *by* the bourgeoisie and that the second will be produced *by* the proletariat. This assumption of his will not stand criticism, and yet the feeling behind it is sound and just. It is true that the products of art and science arise out of the whole community and in turn tend to diffuse their advantages throughout the whole community: but it is likewise historically a fact that our cultural achievements have been monopolized for centuries by a single economic class, and the standards of culture have therefore become correspondingly debased and weakened. In the course of this long and pernicious monopoly the right of access to our great common human heritage was lost by the great mass of people, and thus there arose in the bourgeoisie the con-

ception that a certain elect and self-selected group rose in this world, ordained to guard its cultural heritage, and that the interests of this group were identical with the interests of those who held vested interests in property and privilege. Thus one of the great reasons for refusing to give up these vested interests was the necessity for protecting culture against the attack of vandals surging up from the working classes below! The false and malicious character of this theory does not have to be pointed out: it has only to be stated to be condemned. It is in reaction against the bourgeois notion of a peculiar culture with a peculiar class to guard it that the idea of a proletarian culture arose. But from the standpoint of the artist both conceptions are false. Our culture is a unity, as wide as humanity and as deep as life. When the labor man enters, as he rightfully will and must, the old temples of beauty and knowledge which have so long been guarded from his profane feet, he will not, it seems to me, create anything new in culture itself. He will only bring back to it those characteristics it has suffered by losing—freedom, and creation, and a perpetual intercourse with the great world outside.

Francis Bacon used to say that whatever kind of governments may exist or whatever kind of systems, there was always a field where only one system exists, and the name of the system was freedom and of the field, science. Were he witness to our times he would probably have to confess that the field of knowledge has lost its freedom, too. Among the remaining problems of the day it seems to me that no problem is so important and so pressing as that of education. The doors must be opened wide for labor education. We have to give up the old conception that it is enough to teach a man to read and to write and to make a few arithmetical calculations, before society sends him to the factory to spend the remainder of his life in a depressed routine. We need not fear diminished production if we allot the worker as much time as he needs for learning. In fact decreased production is not the fault of the idleness or laziness of the working man and he should not be made to pay for it. Production has decreased because the working man was sent out to die on the battlefields in that patriotic sport called war. Have we the right to ask these same masses, deprived of their youth—for there is very little youth left in Eu-

rope—to pay for our sins and crimes? It is already vaguely dawning upon us that no increased production will be sufficient to bring us out of the impasse into which we have come.

There was some consideration given, in the first period of the Russian Revolution, to the introduction of universal compulsory work, which is absolutely different from that which is created by the Soviets under the name of industrial armies. That same idea is now being discussed in Germany. It sounds a little startling, perhaps, but is it more cruel than compulsory military conscription? If we utilized, for instance, the amount of energy wasted in sports—not in idleness—would we not have a tremendous fund of energy which could be used for production? That is why Tolstoy was violently opposed to any kind of sports; he considered them a substitute for work and a kind of distraction of the social sense. He protested against horse-racing and even physical training, advising instead real work in the fields, and in the factories. He himself used to saw wood and to work with the plough, and claimed that in this kind of work he was not only obtaining the pleasure of train-

ing and exercising his body but that he was also coöperating with the people and producing things of value. He asserted that as a man works and produces he understands better what labor means and what it costs. And it would be, from the educational and from the social point of view, more valuable were the system of education so arranged that not only students of engineering had to pass a certain time in factories in order to learn the technical needs of their profession, but that students of philosophy and economics should spend their time not in gymnastic exercises but in factories and in the fields. That was the idea which filled the minds of the Russian intellectuals since the 70's of the nineteenth century; and during the war the Russian youths used to leave their homes and schools and go, sometimes two or three thousand miles, to work in the fields with the peasant women whose husbands were at the front. But that was only an emergency. Our educational system would really deserve its name were such a course made a part of the regular curriculum.

It is difficult in these days of unrest, hatred and enmity, to see any way to stimulate a rejuvenation of life. We were probably bound

either to make conjectures or else to apply the theory of Henri Bergson. In his latest book, "L'énergie Spirituelle," he says: "Our old philosophers assert that before we can find a solution we have to know how to find it. We must discuss the knowledge we have, and criticize our critics, and only when we know the value of our instrument will we be able to use it. Alas!" he says, "such a time will never come.

"I see only one way to know how far we can proceed, and that is to proceed as far as we can, to march onward. If the knowledge which we are seeking is real and instructive and is yet hidden from us all the preliminary analyses of our thought will be able to show us only the impossibility of going as far as we want, because we studied our thought before we obtained the knowledge and experience we are aspiring towards."

The only way to go anywhere is to go ahead. We must have faith in our ability to get to our destination before we attempt to discover it. It is the impetus, the urge to go onward, to experiment and to perfect, that will bring us into a new age: we shall not draw a step nearer our goal whilst we dispute about the relative

merits of equally static social ideals. Our main concern must be to see that the direction of our vital impetus is toward a life more abundant, in the direction, that is to say, of the creative activities of peace; rather than toward that widespread desolation and destruction to which we were being driven during the generation that brought on the war. One thing has become incontestably clear to us: we see now what war means and what the war animus can do to our lives. We know the "educational" power of war for what it is. We realize that war brings about chauvinism instead of nationalism; accentuated group egotism instead of reconciliation; reaction instead of progress; autocracy instead of democracy—and all this irrespective of which side may be "right" and which army victorious. Unless we can root these terrible consequences of war out of our minds, unless we can purge our hearts of all the brutalities and morbidities that the war secreted, there is no possibility to making any fundamental adjustments either in industry or education or in any other phase of our social life.

Our hopes for a new life are conditional upon our ability to assume an attitude of in-

transigent denial to the institution of war. We must cultivate a militant pacifism which will refuse altogether to compromise upon the essential issue of war and peace. We must realize that no decent future can be derived from a peace that is half-heartedly maintained until it is interrupted by a war that is half-heartedly supported. Let us be prepared to recognize that the Russian theory of defeatism is perhaps the most healthy and noble idea with which war can be met. Unless we are ready to be defeated, unless we are ready to sacrifice our lives for peace instead of sacrificing them in the trenches we will be unable to put an end to the bellicose imperialisms which threaten perpetually to over-run the world and to make orderly social relations and creative scientific and artistic activities impossible. There is no use finding formulas, points, covenants, and the like which would make war acceptable by throwing a veil of polite phrase in front of the curtain of blood which hangs over the battlefield. These phrases are at their best but rationalizations which tend to obscure the naked operation of our brute instincts, and which perpetuate by mechanical means a belligerent mood long after the instinct itself has been sat-

isfied and the emotion that attended it has been exhausted.

The next generation will find that the task of getting rid of the consequences of the war, and preventing new wars from being precipitated, will exhaust a lifetime of its energies. Whether the governments of to-day will remain in power, whether they will be replaced by better or worse ones, is still uncertain. It is beyond our ability to predict the posture of affairs in the near future: the variables are too complicated and no formula that can be derived from either mathematics or sociology is capable of handling them, for all that Henry Adams adduces to the contrary in his posthumous volume on "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma." What *will* happen is uncertain; but what *should* happen is plain, and if the moral imperative is taken sufficiently to heart, if we plan our lives and map out our activities in view of it, the "should" will tend to be translated into an accomplished fact. One thing, then, humanity can and must do: it must take out of the hands of our rulers the main tool by which they have worked such wholesale havoc and destruction—the tool of war. So long as they retain possession of this

tool the best will in the world will not move us in the direction of a new social order: humanity will be as incapable of achieving a noble life as a prisoner in ball and chains is of dancing. We have already seen that it is a mistake to think that we can get rid of violence by political and social revolutions. There remains always the door by which civilized man escapes and organizes his forces for a new attack. It was so in the eighteenth century, at the time of the first French Revolution. It was so in the revolution of 1830 and still later in 1848. And it will be so in the future unless we concentrate all our forces on a new revolution against war, on undermining all the war orders and erasing all the war slogans and counteracting all the war moods, so that we may clear the ground of iron and barbed wire and concrete and shrapnel and prepare the field of social effort for the new crops that are to follow. It is true that the new order will not be able to emerge without pain, without sacrifice, without death; but it is not less imperative that we should learn to bear without flinching the pangs and difficulties of this more beneficent war, which will be fought without declaration, without tanks and machine guns, without rifles and gas. Per-

haps in hazarding the risks of a new order we shall encounter death. Let us not be daunted. Such a death is always the beginning of victory, and such a war is neither criminal nor infamous.

THE END

